

D10-22

3

THE **BLACK HOOD**

WANTS YOU TO TUNE IN ON THE WOR
MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM--

NO.

42

TOP-NOTCH

DEC.

10¢

Laugh *comics*



**DOTTY &
DITTO**



Señor
SIESTA



WHO KILLED
**COCK
ROBIN**
??

AN
MLJ
MAGAZINE

Sam



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

POKEY

COCKEY

AFTER BREAKING UP A BOGUS MEDICINE SHOW GANG, WHO WERE FLEEING THE INHABITANTS OF CATFISH CREEK, POKEY, THE HILL-BILLY SHERIFF IS APPROACHED BY A MYSTERIOUS STRANGER !!!

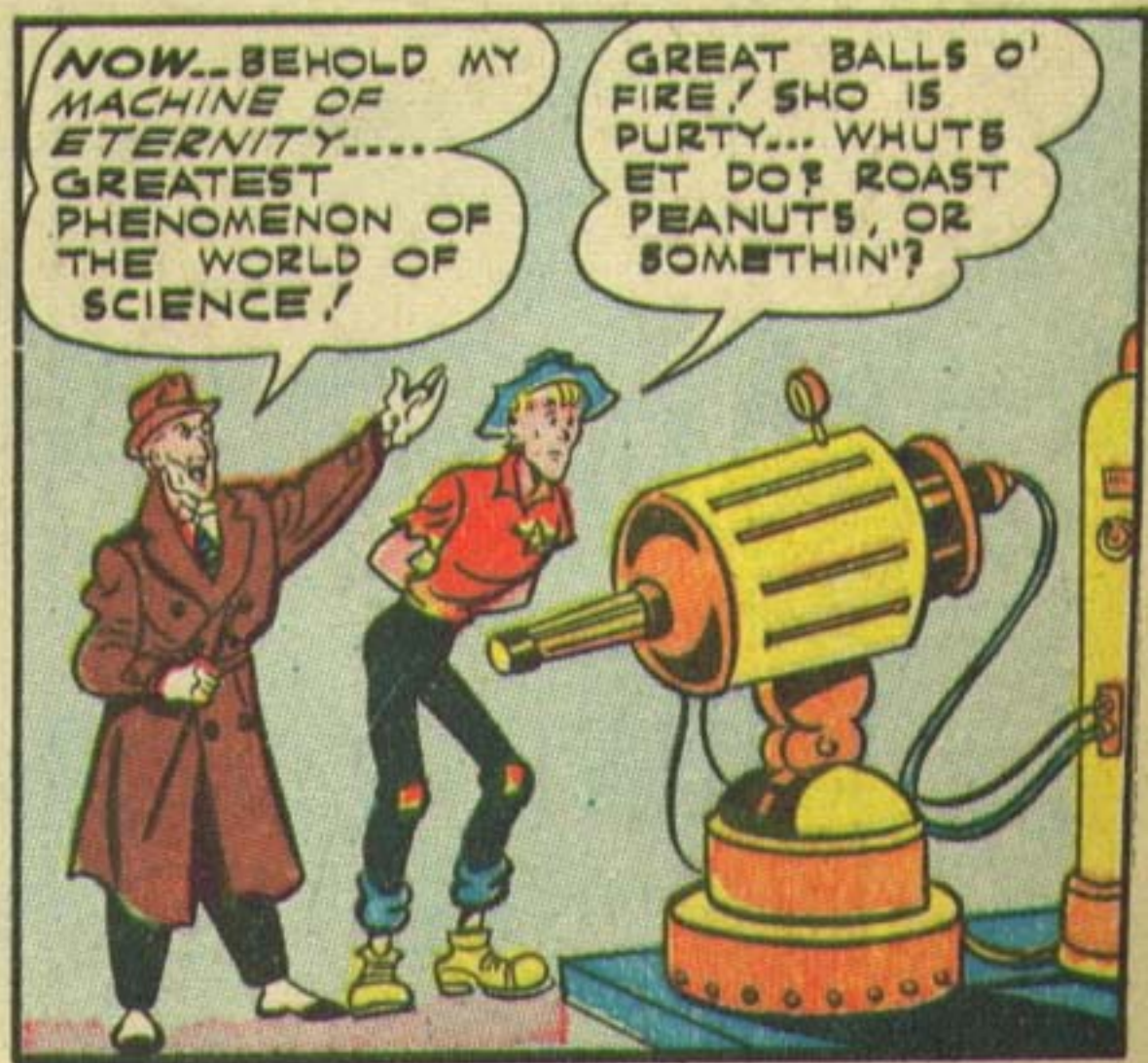
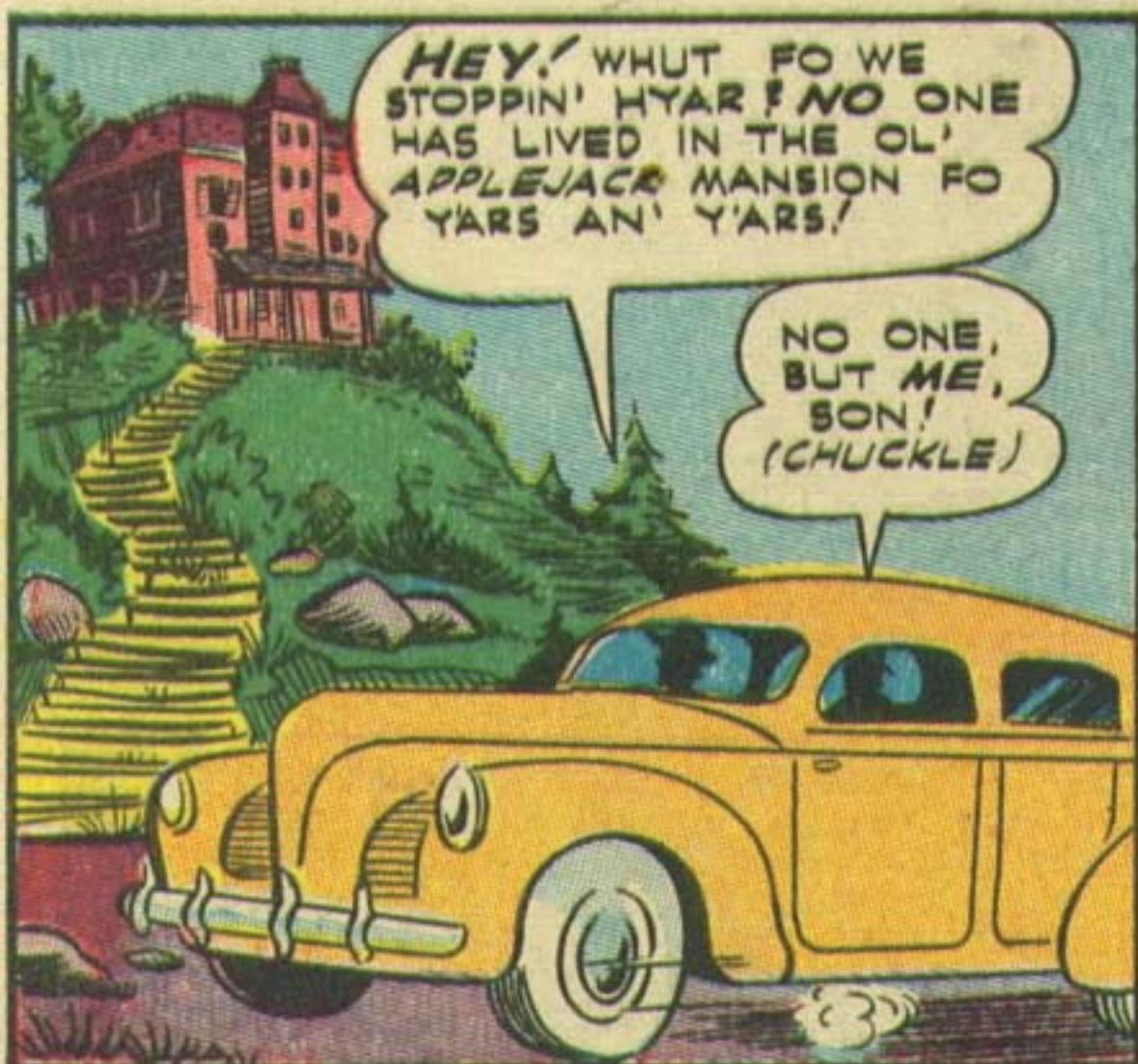
by Don Deon!

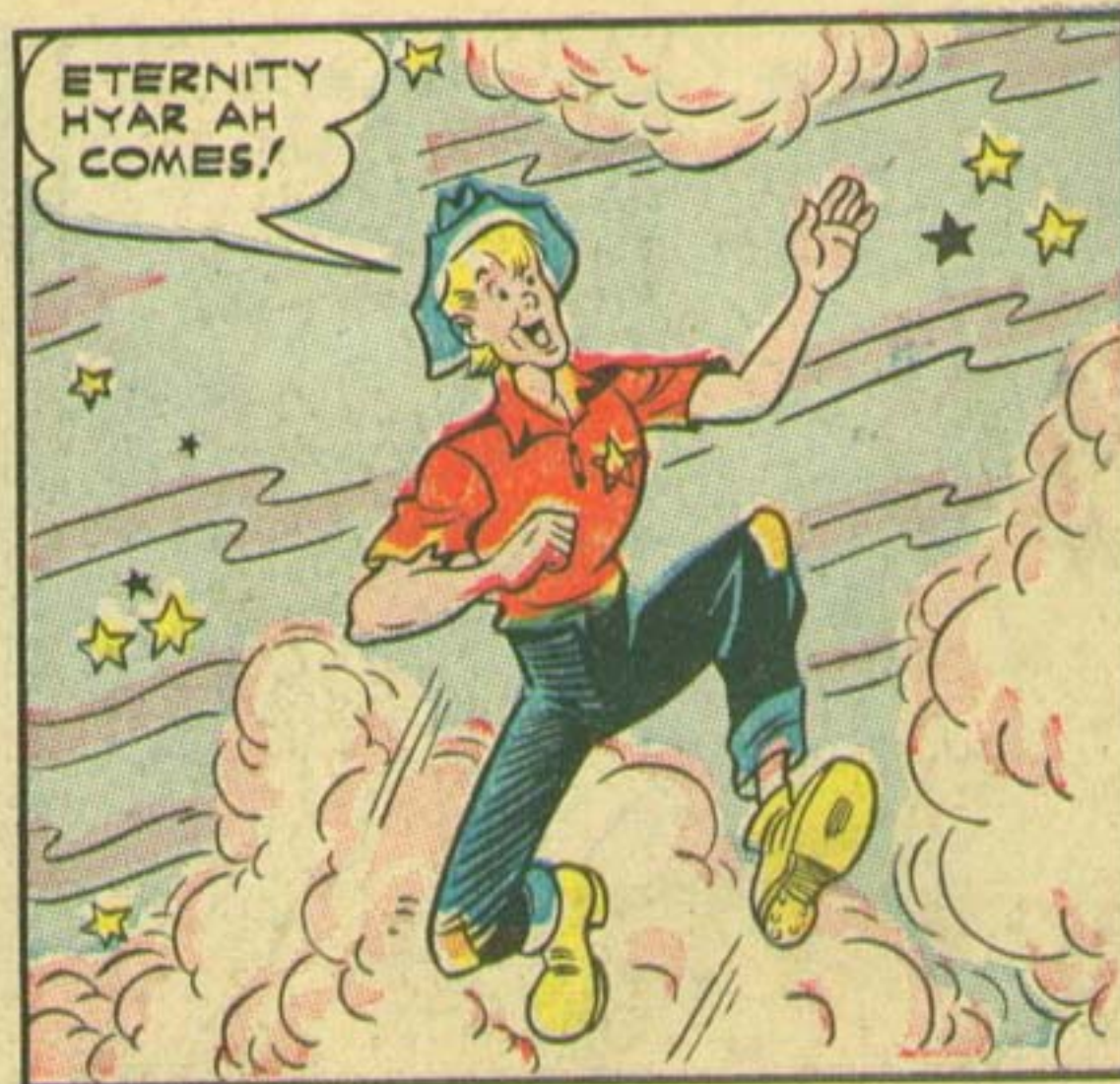
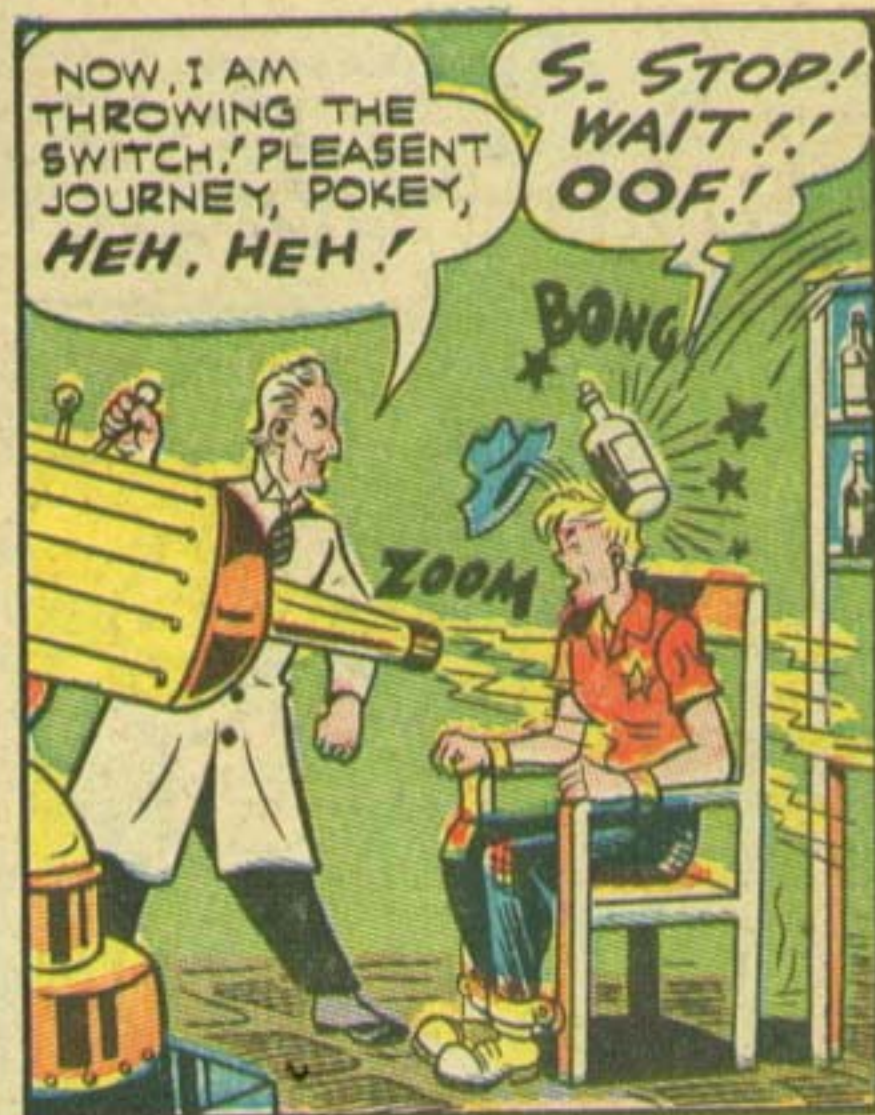
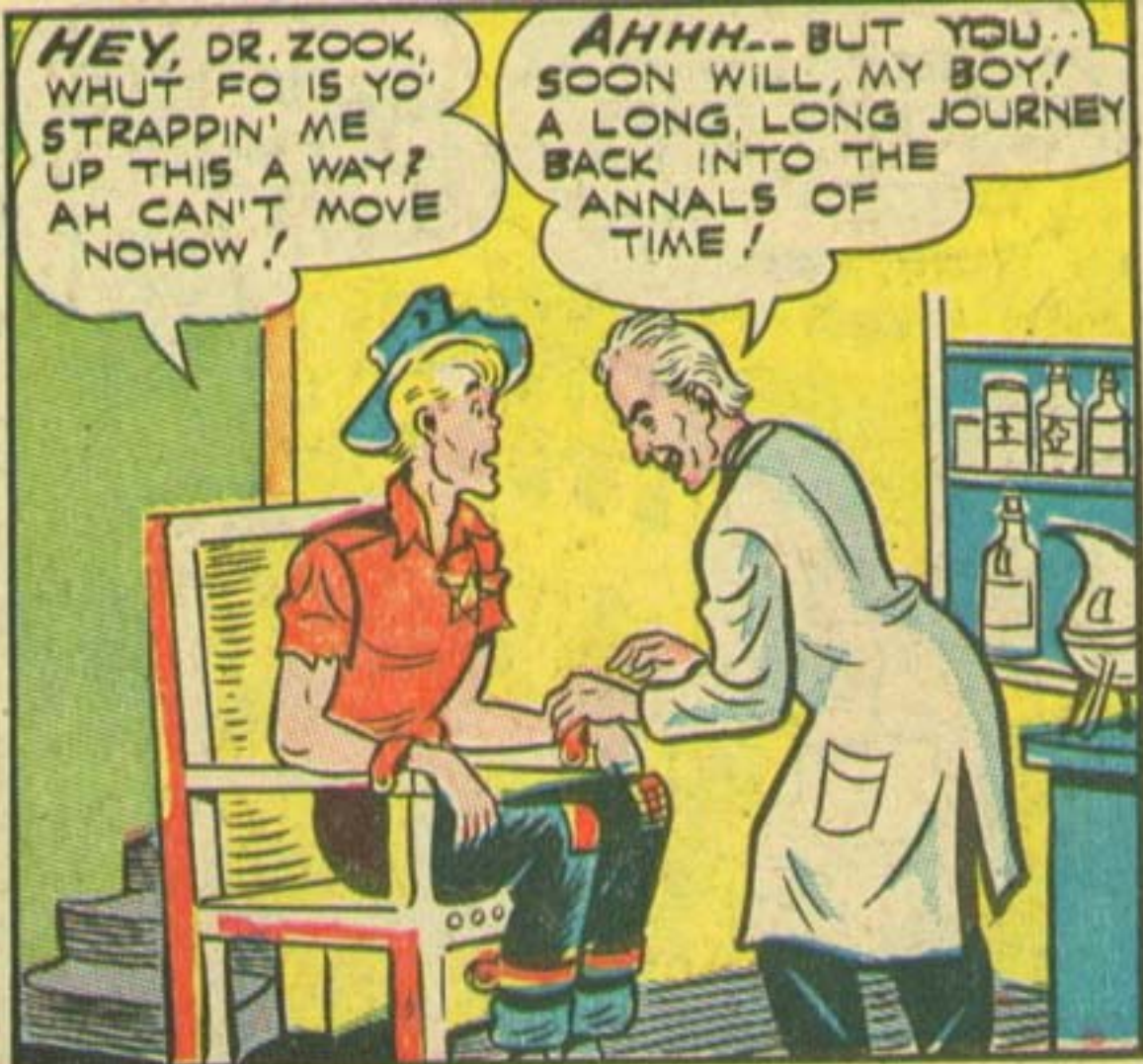
QUITE A SKIRMISH YOU HAD WITH THOSE RUFFIANS, LAD! MAY I GIVE YOU A LIFT? I AM DOCTOR ZOOK!

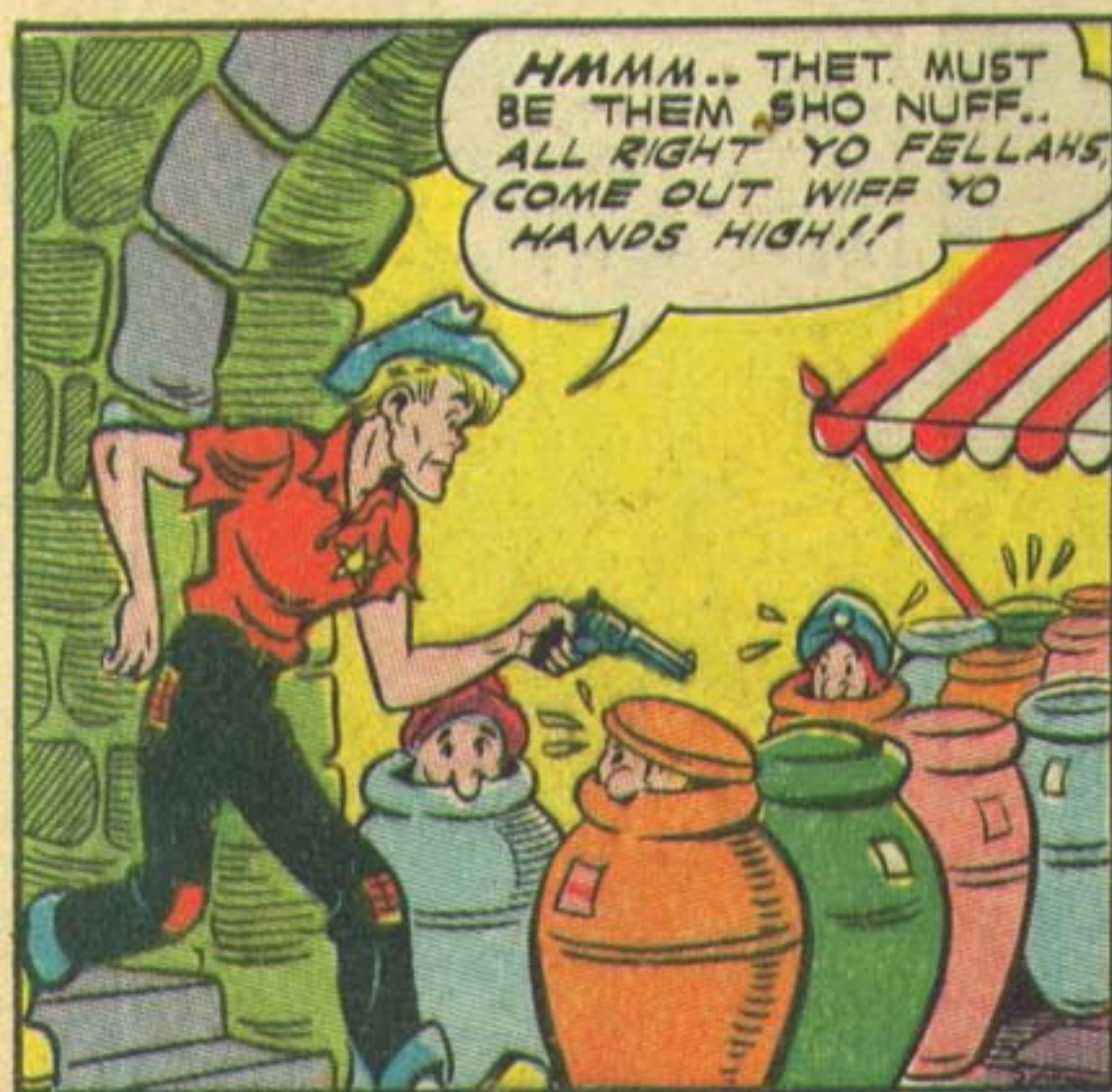
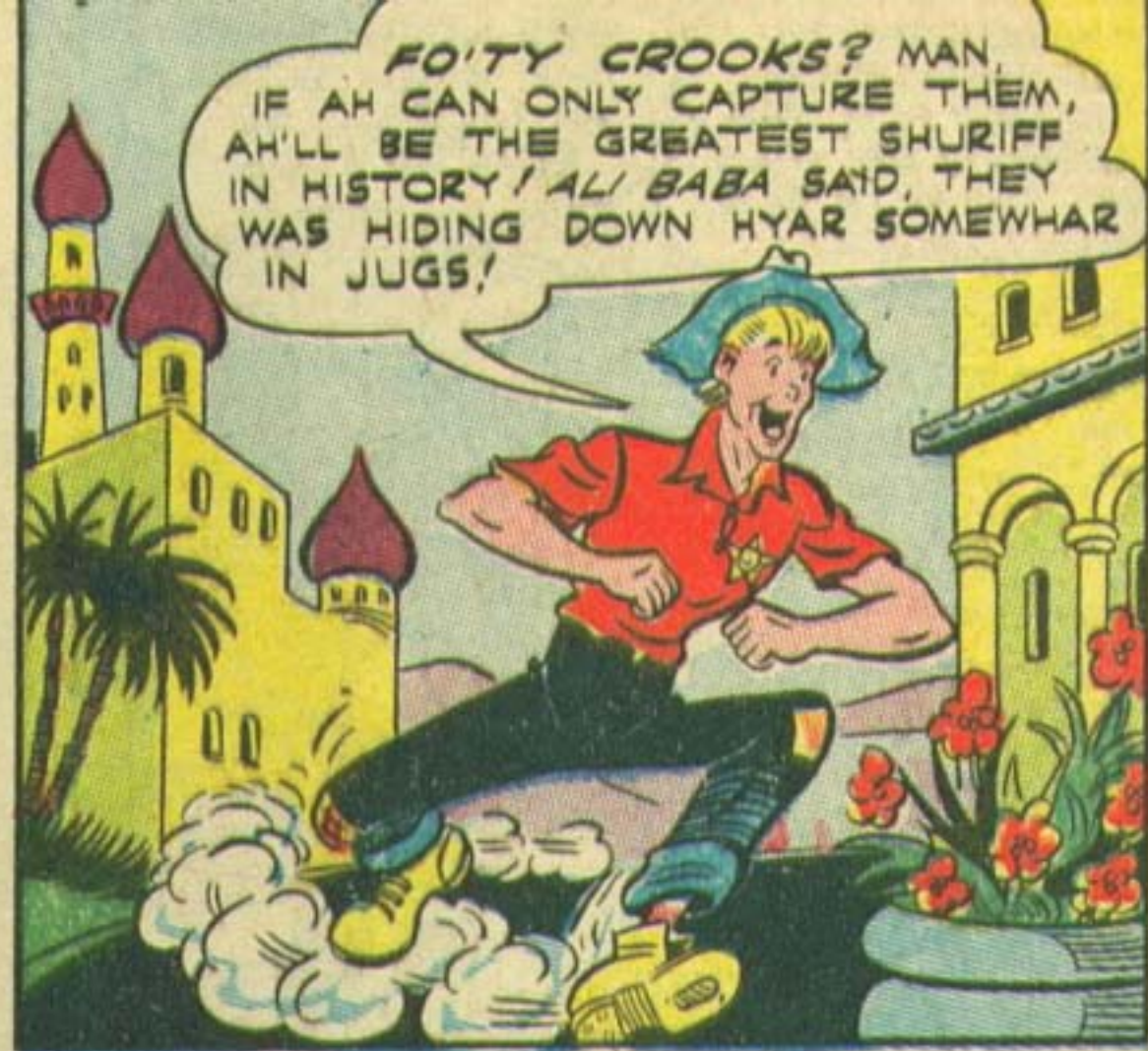
MANY THANKS, SUH, DON'T MIND EFFIN' AH DO RIDE A PIECE WIFF YO'!

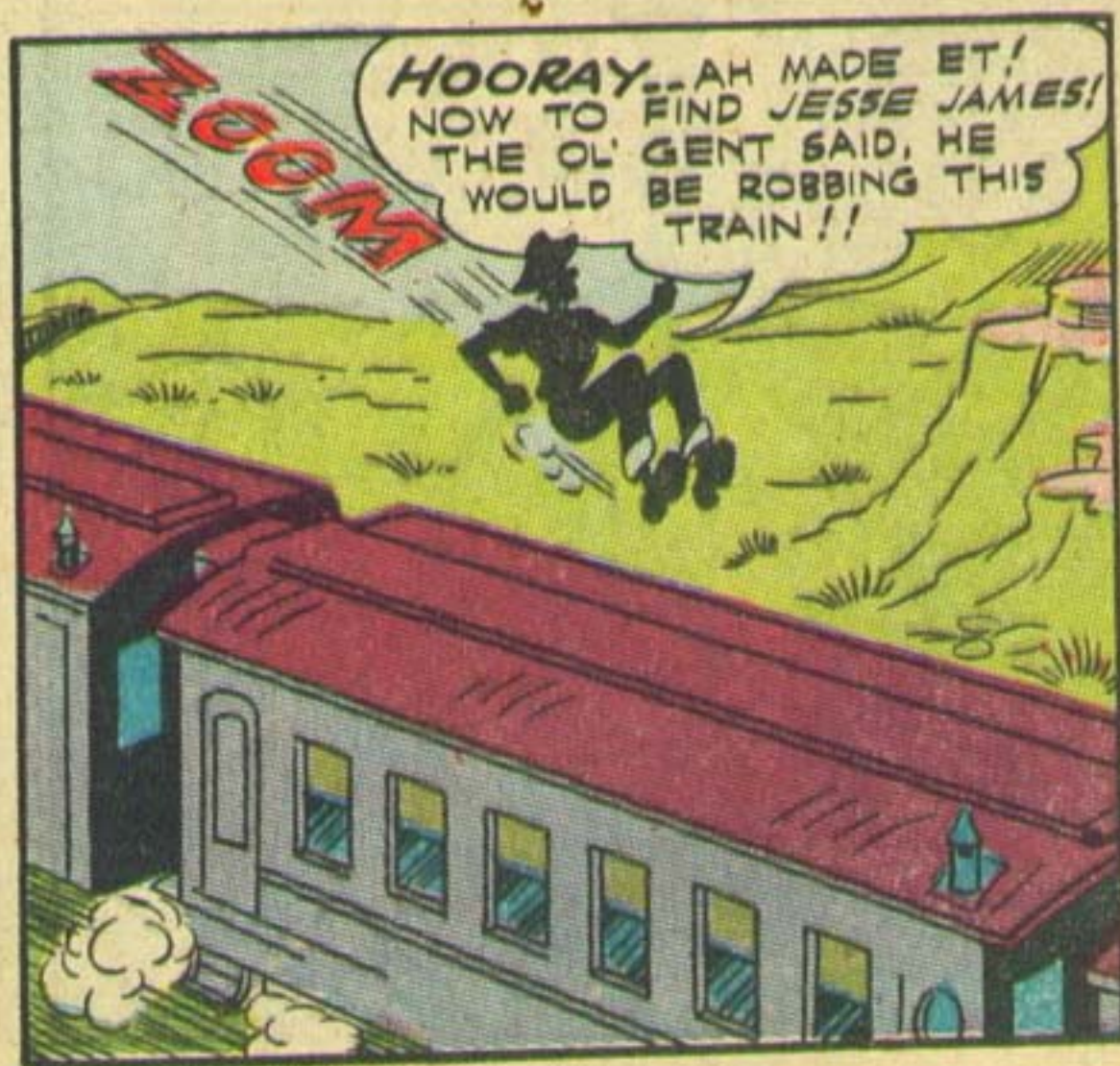
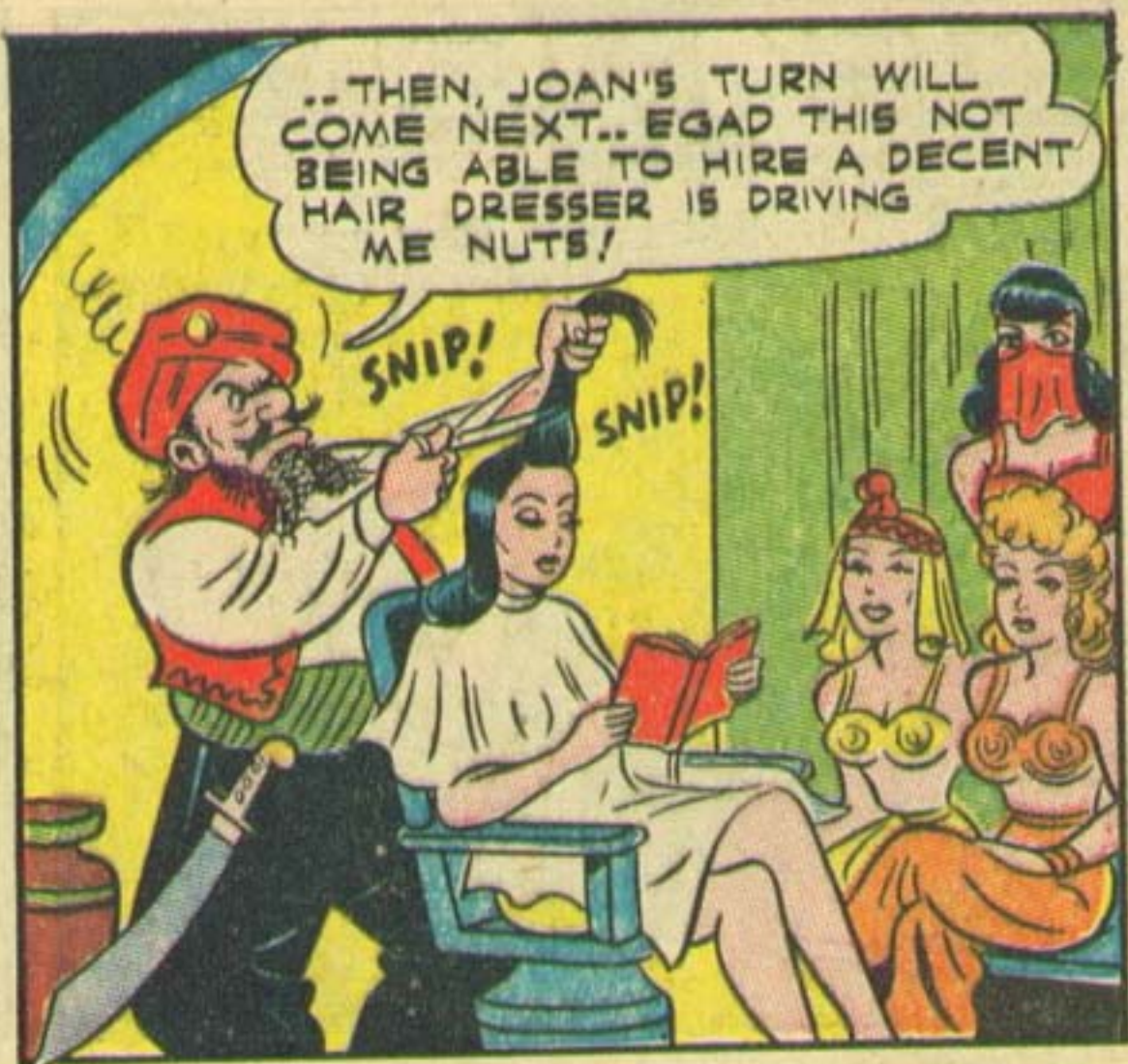
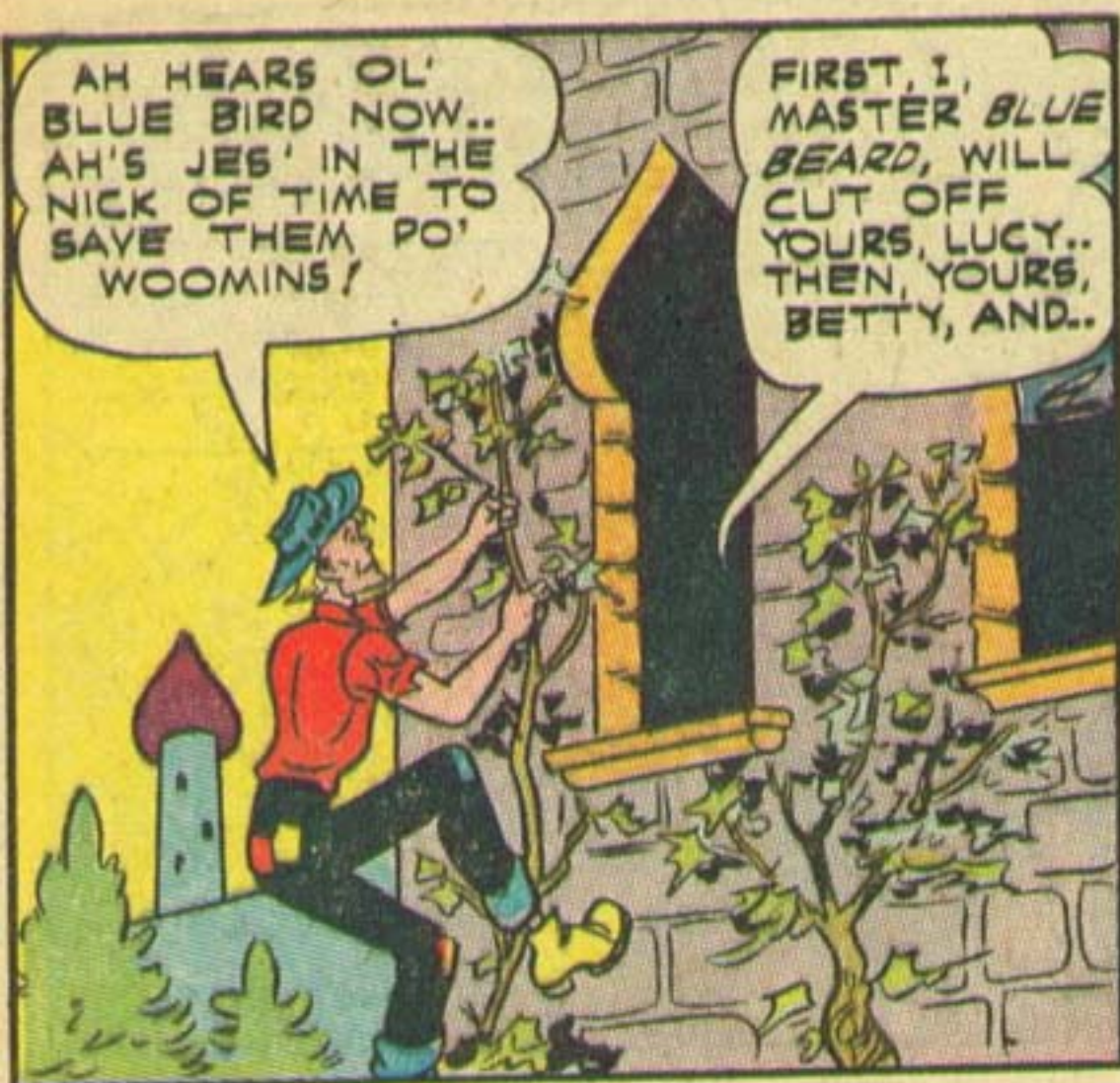
YOUR PROFESSION AFFORDS YOU A GOOD MANY THRILLS, I WILL WAGER, EH, MY LAD?

NOPE ET HAIN'T NUFFIN' TO BEIN' A SMALL TOWN'S SHURIFF! AH WISH'T AH LIVED IN THE OLD DAY WHEN THAR WERE **REAL** DESPERADOS!











BUT BE WITH US AGAIN, AND
SEE, IF POKEY FINDS HIS
PEACE ON EARTH!

THE BLACK HOOD

MAN OF MYSTERY

LISTEN TO THE BLACK HOOD'S OATH ON
STATION WOR-MUTUAL, EVERY DAY!

I THE BLACK HOOD,
DO SOLEMNLY
SWEAR THAT
NEITHER THREATS
NOR BRIBES NOR
BULLETS NOR
DEATH ITSELF-
SHALL KEEP ME
FROM FULFILLING
MY SACRED VOW..
TO ERASE CRIME
FROM THE FACE
OF THE EARTH!!





HIYA, DEMON
REPORTER!
WORKING
HARD?

KIP BURLAND!
YOU'VE BECOME A
POLICEMAN AGAIN

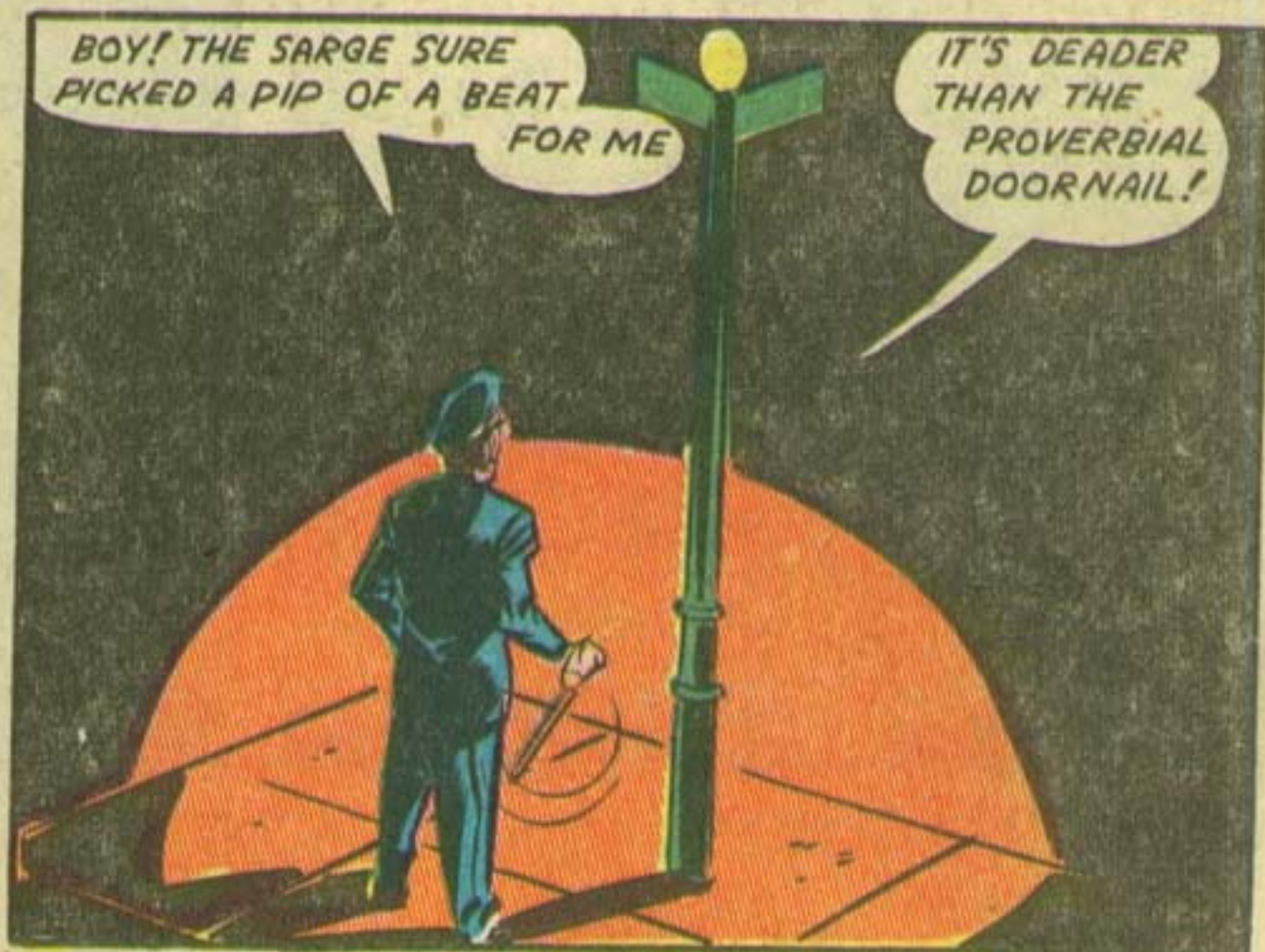


YES, BARBARA. THANKS TO
SERGEANT MCGINTY, I WAS
FINALLY RE-INSTATED. HA, HA,
WOULDN'T THE SARGE BE
SURPRISED IF HE KNEW
HE'D GOTTEN THE **BLACK
HOOD** ON
THE
FORCE



WELL, SO LONG
GAL! I'M OFF TO
FIGHT CRIME -
OFFICIALLY!

GOOD LUCK,
KIP!



BOY! THE SARGE SURE
PICKED A PIP OF A BEAT
FOR ME

IT'S DEADDER
THAN THE
PROVERBIAL
DOORNAIL!



OH, OH! I
SPOKE TOO
SOON!



WHAT'S UP
LADY?

OH, THANK
HEAVENS YOU
CAME, OFFICER.
MY BUTLER'S
DEAD!

WHILE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...



I SEE YOU'VE GOT KIP BACK IN HARNESS, SERGEANT MCGINTY

YES, BARBARA. AND HE'LL STAY THERE IF HE KEEPS OUTA TROUBLE, DAGNABBIT!



THE TROUBLE WITH KIP IS HE'S TOO SCIENTIFIC! NOW TAKE ME F'RINSTANCE, I'VE BEEN...

... "ON THE FORCE FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, AND YOU'VE ALWAYS CAUGHT CROOKS WITH THE END O' YOUR NIGHTSTICK" UNQUOTE!



WELL, IT'S TRUE!

ANYWAY, I GAVE KIP A BEAT THAT'LL KEEP HIM OUTA TROUBLE!



HELLO! YES! THIS IS MCGINTY! WHAT! DAGNABBIT...



THAT WAS BURLAND! SO YOU SOMEBODY WAS STABBED TO DEATH AT 17 KEW PLACE. LET'S GO, MEN!

SO YOU GAVE KIP A BEAT THAT WOULD KEEP HIM OUT OF TROUBLE EH, SARGE!



HELLO, SARGE! YOU SURE GOT HERE FAST!

WHERE'S THE BODY, KIP?



IN THE NEXT ROOM. BUT DON'T MESS UP ANY FINGERPRINTS!

DON'T BE TELLIN' ME MY BUSINESS! ME, WHO'S BEEN ON THE FORCE FER 25 YEARS!

YEP, HE'S DEAD,
ALL RIGHT. NOW I'LL
ASK SOME QUESTIONS!
WHO ARE YOU, LADY?

I AM MRS.
MARION. THIS
IS MY HOME-
AND THE DEAD
MAN WAS MY
BUTLER

AND I AM KALIMAR,
MYSTIC AND **SPIRITU-
ALIST!** AT YOUR
SERVICE!

WE JUST RETURN-
ED FROM KALI-
MAR'S PLACE
WHERE I WAS IN
COMMUNION WITH
MY LATE
HUSBAND

**SPIRITU-
ALISM!**
HOOEY!

I ASSURE YOU MY ART IS NOT
"HOOEY!" AS YOU CALL IT. I
SHOULD BE GLAD TO GIVE YOU
A DEMONSTRATION ANY TIME
YOU PLEASE!

ANYWAY, SERGEANT,
I GAVE THE EVEN-
ING OFF TO MY
DOMESTICS, WHILE
I ATTENDED THE
SEANCE!

THEN WHAT WAS
YOUR BUTLER
DOING IN THE
HOUSE?

THAT'S OBVIOUS!
HE MUST HAVE
RETURNED UNEX-
PECTEDLY!

I'VE GOT IT! THE BUTLER
KNEW THERE'D BE NO
ONE HERE-SO HE RE-
TURNED TO ROB THE
HOUSE!

AND **MURDERED**
HIMSELF AFTER
HE'D DONE IT, I
SUPPOSE!

NONE O'
YER **SARCASM,**
BURLAND!

I'VE GOT THE
FINGERPRINTS
OFF THIS KNIFE.
SARGE!

NICE WORK
MOONEY!

WE'LL CHECK
'EM AT HEAD-
QUARTERS!

IN THE FINGERPRINT DEPARTMENT AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

I'LL HAVE THESE FINGERPRINTS PHOTOSTATED IN A MINUTE, SARGE!

HERE THEY ARE!

GOOD! NOW WE'LL CHECK 'EM WITH THE PRINTS WE GOT IN OUR FILES!

NOW TO FIND THE GUY THESE PRINTS BELONG TO— IF WE'VE GOT A RECORD OF HIM!

WOW! WE GOT 'IM! MCGINTY DOES IT AGAIN!

HERE IT IS, SARGE!

SNAKES O' ST. PATRICK! IT...IT CAN'T BE!

NOW ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS DIG HIM UP, SARGE AND YOU'VE GOT YOUR MURDERER!

B...BUT HOW COULD A DEAD MAN'S PRINTS GET ON THAT KNIFE?

OUTSIDE...

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT KIP?

I'M JUST AS PUZZLED AS POOR SARGE, BABS!



ONE THING THAT NO TWO PEOPLE HAVE ALIKE, IS FINGERPRINTS.. SO HOW COULD ANYBODY ELSE HAVE GLASS EYE'S PRINTS ON THAT WIFE ?

GLASS EYE...
HMM... SAY BABS
DID YOU NOTICE
ANYTHING ABOUT
THAT FORTUNE
TELLER'S EYES ?

NOW THAT
YOU MENTION
IT, YES!
ONE OF
HIS EYES
SEEMED TO
BE MADE OF
GLASS!

EXACTLY! THAT
MAY OR MAY NOT
MEAN ANYTHING -
BUT DO SOME-
THING FOR ME
WILL YOU, BABS ?

I THINK I
KNOW WHAT
YOU MEAN. YOU
WANT ME TO
GET A FINGER-
PRINT OF KALIMAR,
EH?... CONSIDER
IT DONE!

MEANWHILE THE
BLACK HOOD
WILL DO SOME
INVESTIGATING...

AFTER BABS LEAVES...

...AT THE CEMETERY
GLASS EYE'S GANG
WAS SUPPOSED TO
HAVE BURIED
HIM!

HERE'S GLASS
EYE'S GRAVE!

EMPTY !!

THE HOOD IMMEDIATELY RETURNS TO HIS APARTMENT

HELLO! HOOD! ANY DEVELOPMENTS?

PLENTY, BARBARA!

KALIMAR'S FINGERPRINTS WILL ANSWER THAT QUESTION

DID YOU GET THOSE FINGERPRINTS?

YOU BET! RIGHT ON THIS VANITY CASE-SIGNED, SEALED AND DELIVERED

HOOD! YOU REALLY THINK KALIMAR AND GLASS-EYE GANNET ARE ONE AND THE SAME PERSON?

NOW LET'S COMPARE 'EM WITH THE PRINTS OF GLASS-EYE GANNET!

DON'T GO BY ME. I WOULDN'T KNOW WHETHER THEY'RE THE SAME OR NOT!

WELL, I WOULD! THEY ARE! AND KALIMAR, ALIAS GLASS-EYE GANNET IS ABOUT TO RECEIVE A VERY UNWELCOME CLIENT THE BLACK HOOD!

SOMEWHAT LATER, IN KALIMAR'S OFFICE WHERE A CUSTOMER IS BEING ENTERTAINED...

YOU REALLY THINK I CAN SPEAK WITH MY DEAD HUSBAND'S SPIRIT?

HOPE THE MOVING PICTURE PROJECTOR IS IN GOOD WORKING ORDER!

YOU SHALL SOON SEE MADAM. BUT REMEMBER! ANSWER ANY QUESTION HE ASKS-OR THE SPIRITUAL BOND WILL BE BROKEN!

THEN, THE ROOM DARKENS, AND THE BLACKNESS IMMEDIATELY IS LIGHTED UP BY AN UNEARTHLY GLOW....

IT... IT'S CHARLES, MY HUSBAND!

EMMA! I HAVE NOT MUCH TIME. ANSWER QUICKLY! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE MONEY I LEFT YOU?

BUT BEFORE EMMA CAN ANSWER, THE ROOM IS ONCE AGAIN PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS...

WH... WHAT HAPPENED, KALIMAR?

I DON'T KNOW! PERHAPS SOME INTERFERENCE FROM THE ASTRAL WORLD!

NO, KALIMAR! IT'S INTERFERENCE FROM THE BLACK HOOD

WH... WHAT!

I KNOW YOU, GANNET IN SPITE OF THAT NICE PLASTIC JOB YOU HAD DONE ON YOUR FACE!

I ALSO KNOW YOUR RACKET - GETTING THE SUCKERS TO TELL WHERE THEY KEEP THEIR VALUABLES - THEN ROBBING THEM! YOU ROBBED MRS. MARION AND KILLED HER BUTLER!

ALL RIGHT, BLAST YOU! YOU'RE ONTO ME, BUT YOU WON'T GET ME!

THAT'S A VERY FAMILIAR REFRAIN, GANNET. BUT YOU'LL BE SINGING A DIFFERENT TUNE...

... BEFORE I'M THROUGH WITH YOU!

NOW I'LL TELL YOU YOUR FORTUNE! IN A SHORT WHILE YOU'RE GOING TO RECEIVE SOME MORE CUSTOMERS—IN BLUE UNIFORMS!



...AND YOU'RE GOING TO BE ASLEEP WHEN THEY GET HERE!

HIYA, MCGINTY I WAS EXPECTING YOU!



STOP, HOOD—OR I'LL SHOOT!



DAGNABIT, BARBARA! YOU SPOILED MY AIM!

BANG



DON'T MCGINTY! THE BLACK HOOD'S ON OUR SIDE!

THE HECK HE IS! HE'S IN CAHOOTS WITH THIS PHONY FORTUNE TELLER, DAGNABIT! THEY MUSTA HAD A FIGHT ABOUT SPLITTIN' THE SWAG!



NEXT DAY AT HEADQUARTERS...

CONGRATULATIONS SARGE! I SEE MCGINTY DID IT AGAIN!



YEP! AND IT WOULD'VE BEEN A CLEAN JOB IF I'D NABBED THE BLACK HOOD, KIP!

KIP! WHY DON'T YOU GO AFTER THE HOOD! IT'LL MEAN A PROMOTION IF YE CATCH HIM!



WELL, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT CATCHING HIM, SARGE! BUT I PROMISE I'LL FOLLOW HIM WHEREVER HE GOES!



TUNE IN ON THE BLACK HOOD.. MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM...

WELL, DEAR READERS,
IF YOU WILL REMEM-
BER THE LAST WE
SAW OF SENOR SIESTA,
HE WAS IN A TIGHT
SPOT... RUNNING FROM
SOME WILD INDIANS
WHO FELT HE SHOULD
NOT BE ALLOWED TO
RETAIN HIS SCALP!
SO NOW...

Señor SIESTA



THEES LOOKS LIKE
THE NICE TOWN! NOW
YOU ARE SURE YOU
UNDERSTAND WHAT
TO DO!

SI, SENOR MOPO!
I UNDERSTAND
PERFECTLY!

MOPO SETS UP HIS WARES...

AMIGOS AND SUCKAIRS!
STEP UP AND GET THE
SEVENTH WONDAIR OF
THE WORLD! A GAS PILL
WEECH TURNS THE
WATER TO GAS-
OLINE!

URNS THE WATER
TO GAS-O-LEEN!
WHY WOULD ANY-
BODY WEESH TO
DREENK THE
GASOLINE!

NO MORE RATION
CARDS! RUN YOUR
AUTOS WEETH
THEES PILL!

EET SOME SENOR
WEEL STEP UP, I WEEL
PROVE MY GAS PILL
WORKS!

AH.. THANK
YOU, AMIGO!

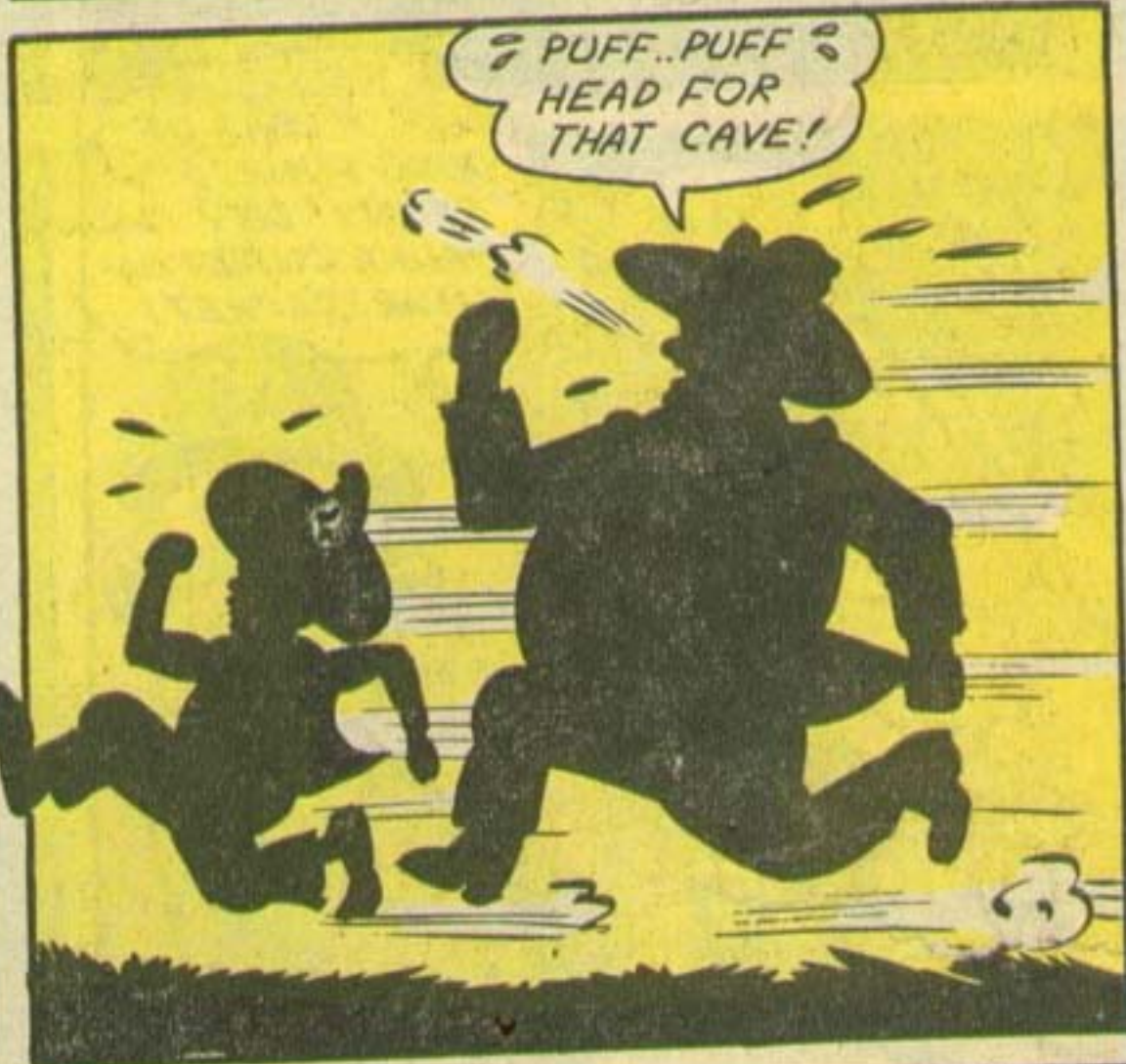
NOW APPLY
THE MATCH!

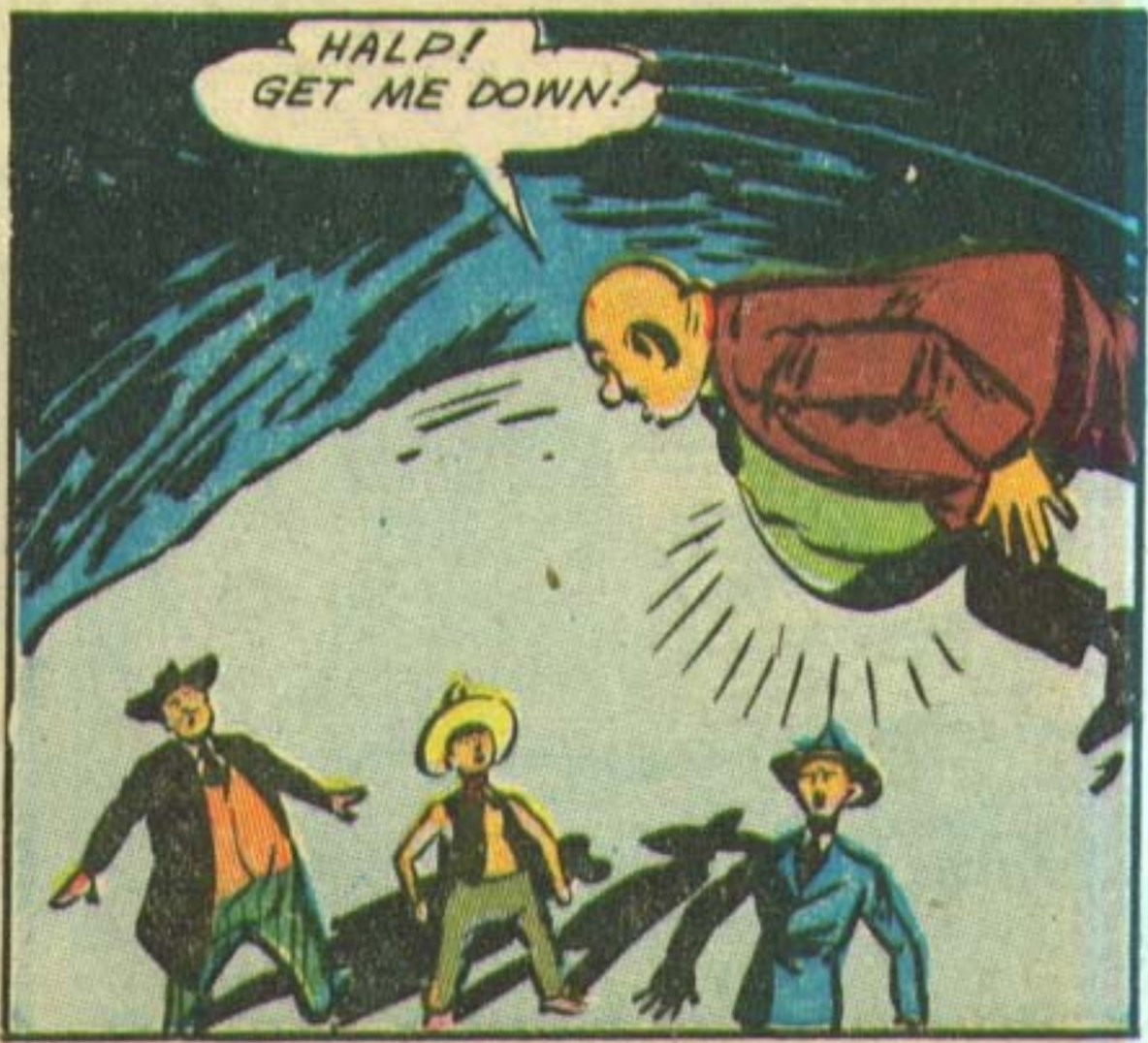
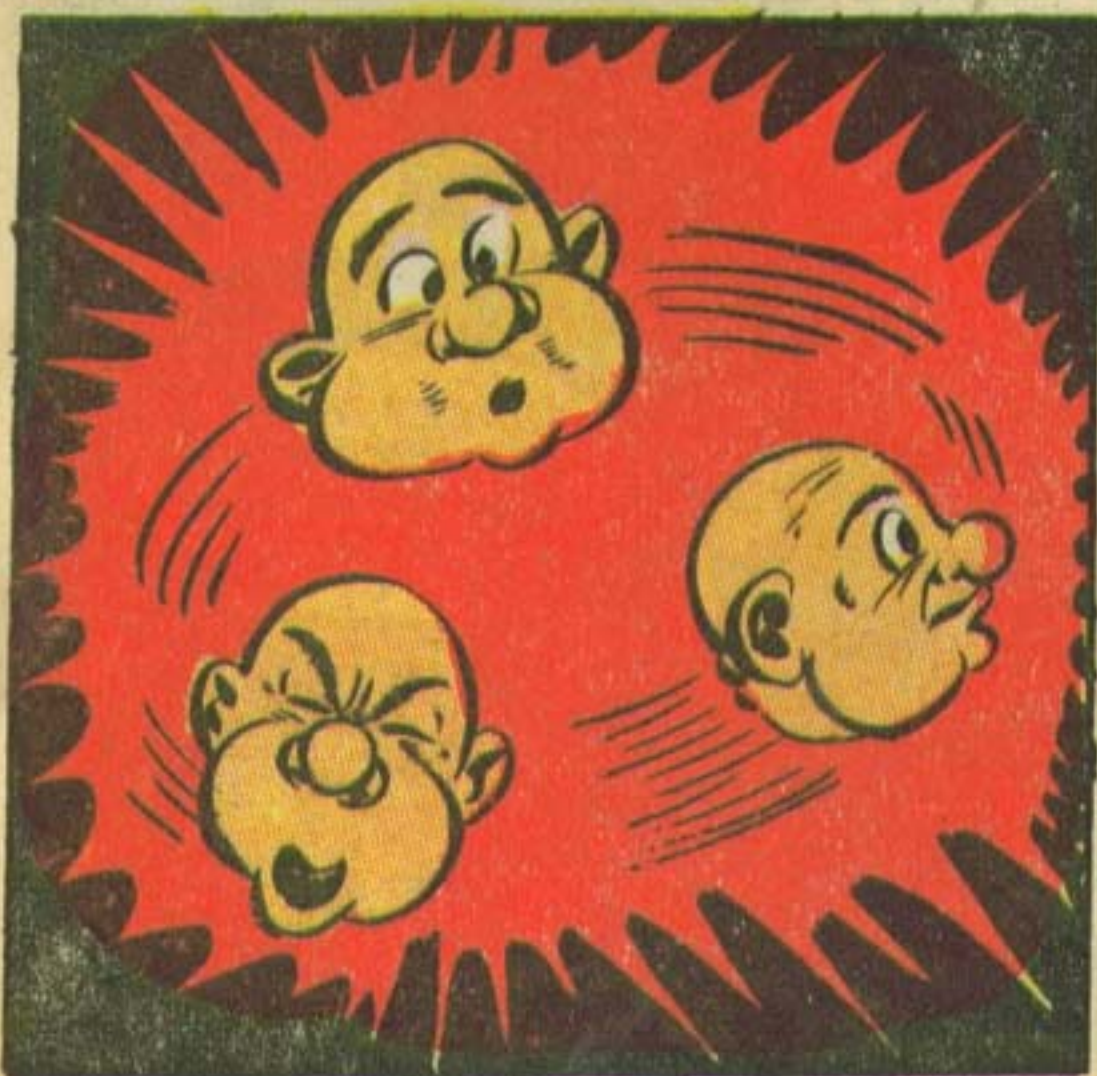
HEH!
HEH!

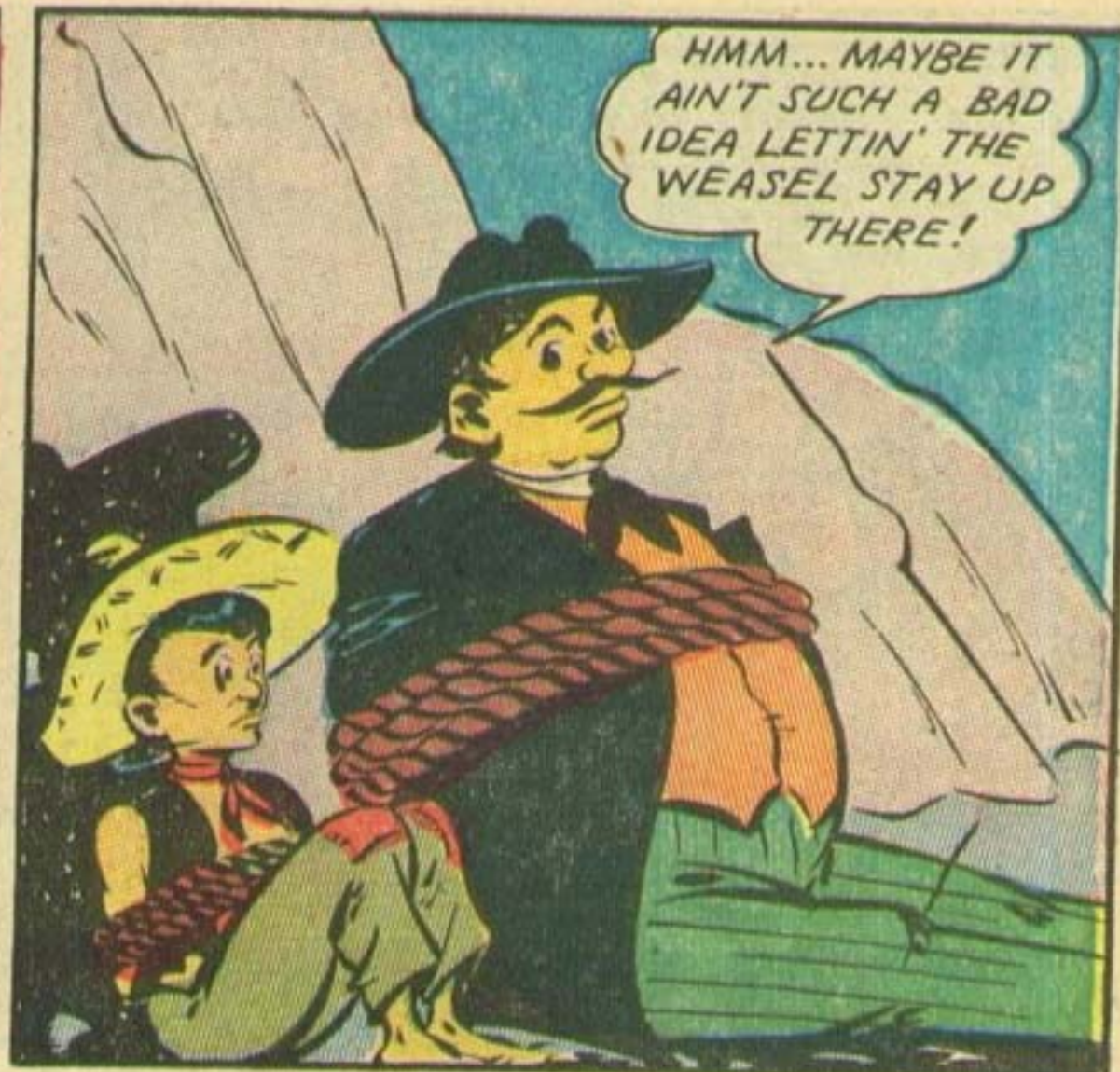
YOU SEE HOW
HE DROPS MY
PILL IN THE
WATER!

CARAMBA!
EET WORKS!

SIZZZZ





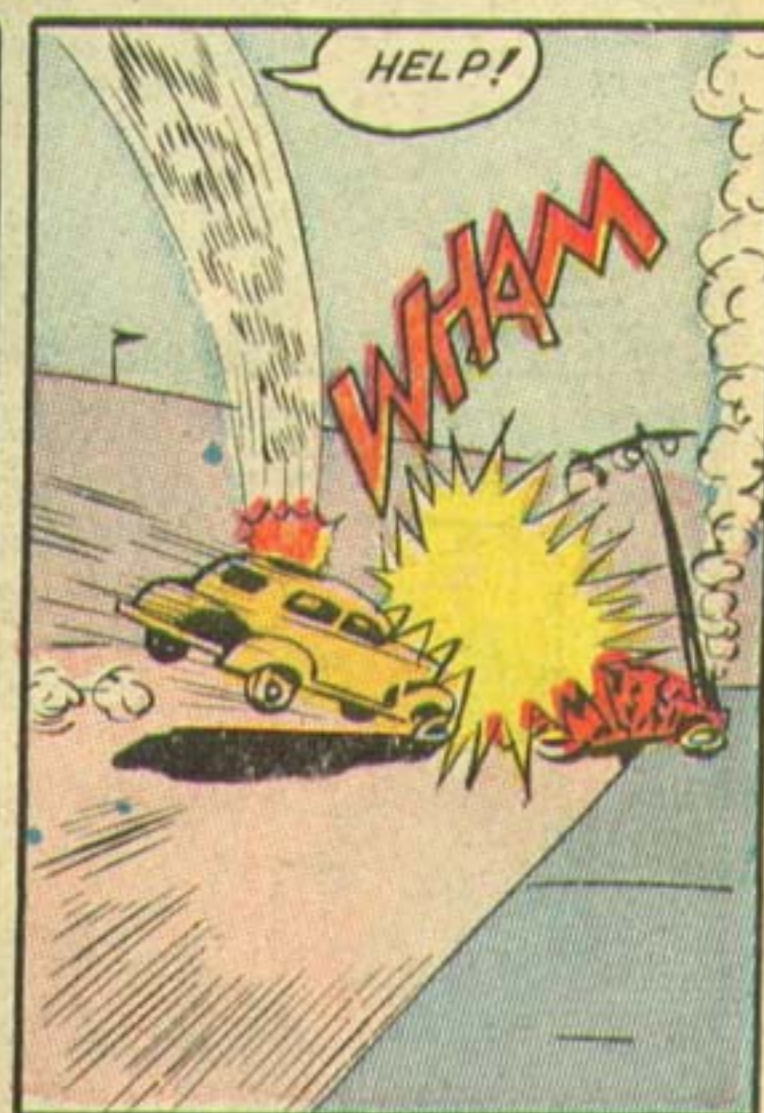
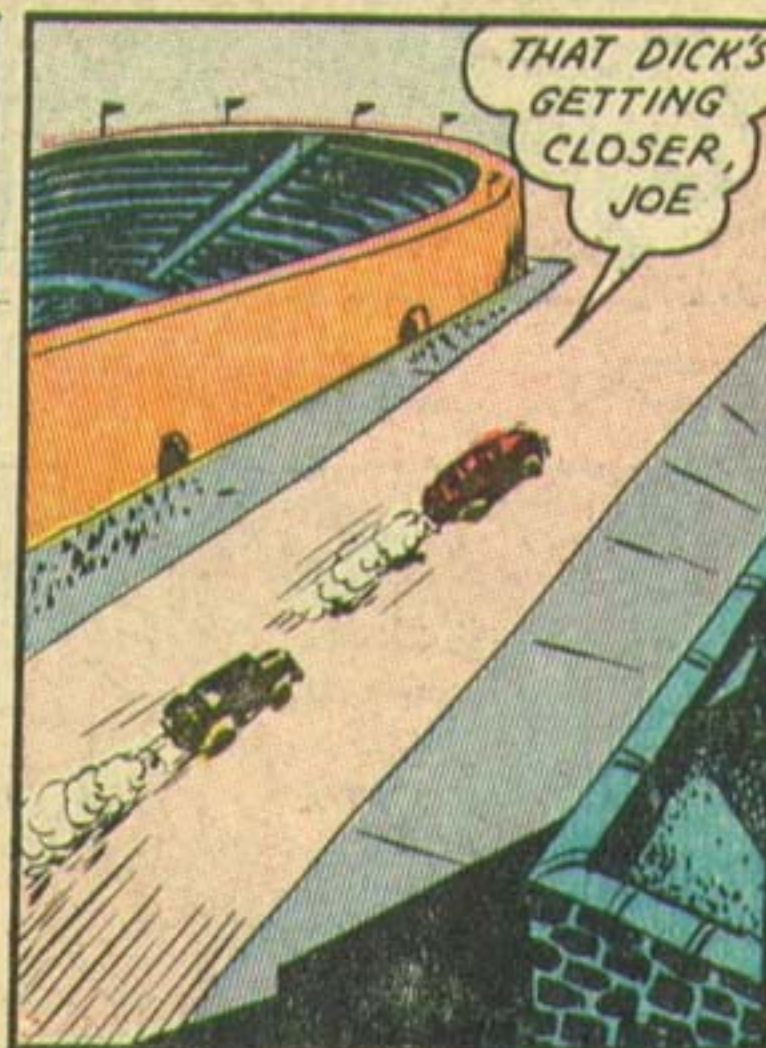




SNOOP McGOOK

THE SOUPY SLEUTH

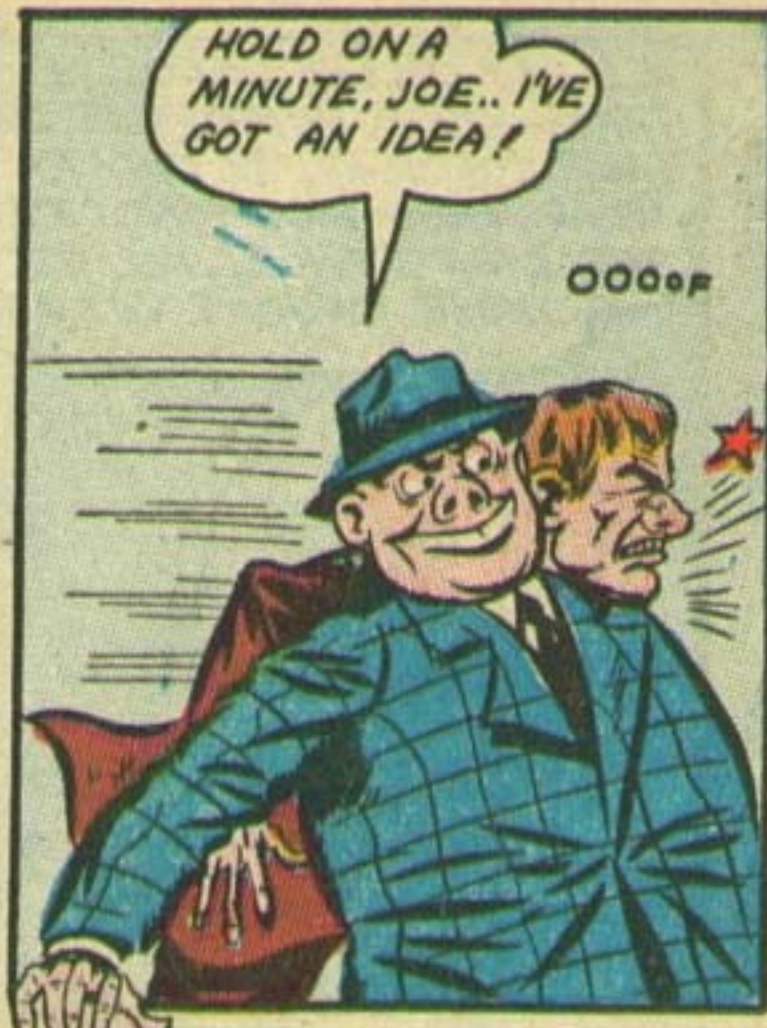






HEY! WHERE ARE YOUR TICKETS?

SORRY, I LEFT THEM IN MY OTHER PANTS!



HOLD ON A MINUTE, JOE.. I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

OOOOP



IF WE DRESS UP AS FOOTBALL PLAYERS, AND GO ON THE FIELD, THAT DETECTIVE WILL NEVER THINK OF LOOKING FOR US THERE!



LATER

WE'LL JUST TELL THE REFEREE THAT WE'RE SUBS!

PRETTY SLICK, EH, SAM?



RAY TEAM

OKAY JOE... LET'S GO!



JONES AND JINCKS, TAKING OVER REF!

OKAY, TAKE YOUR PLACES!

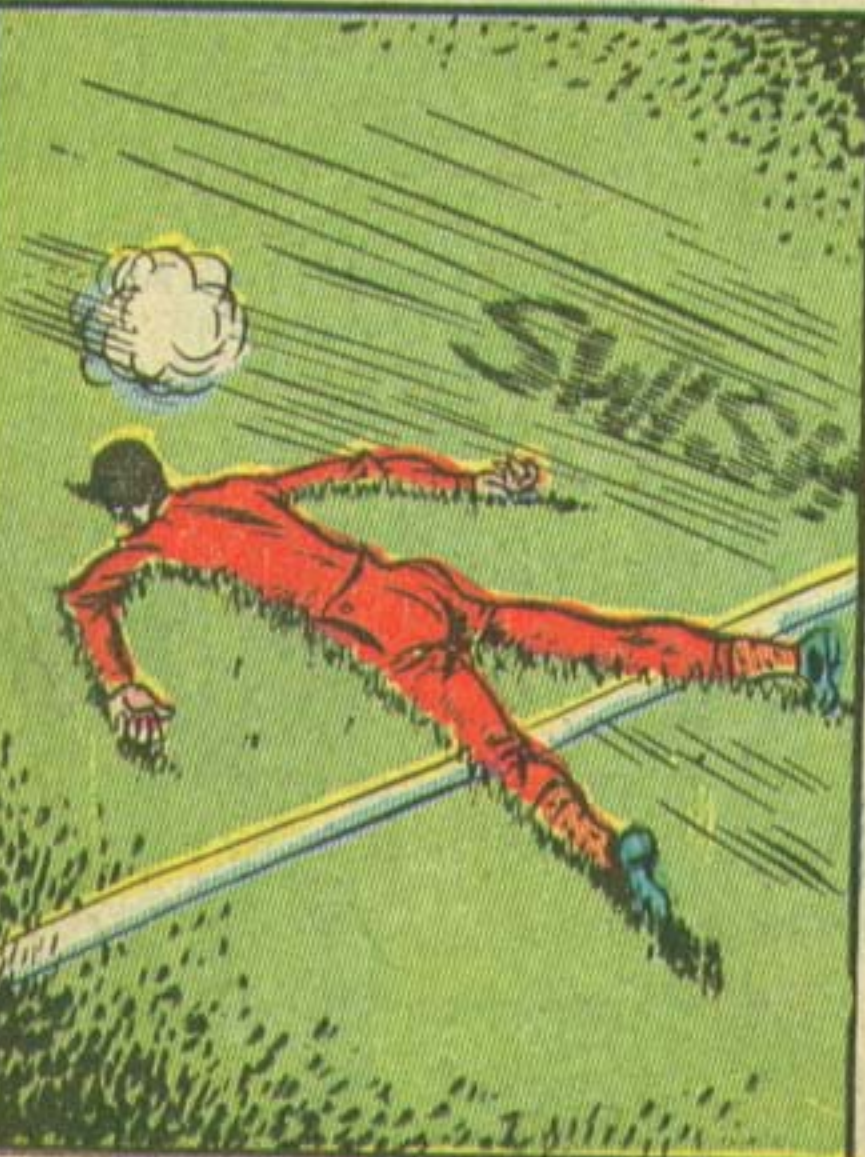


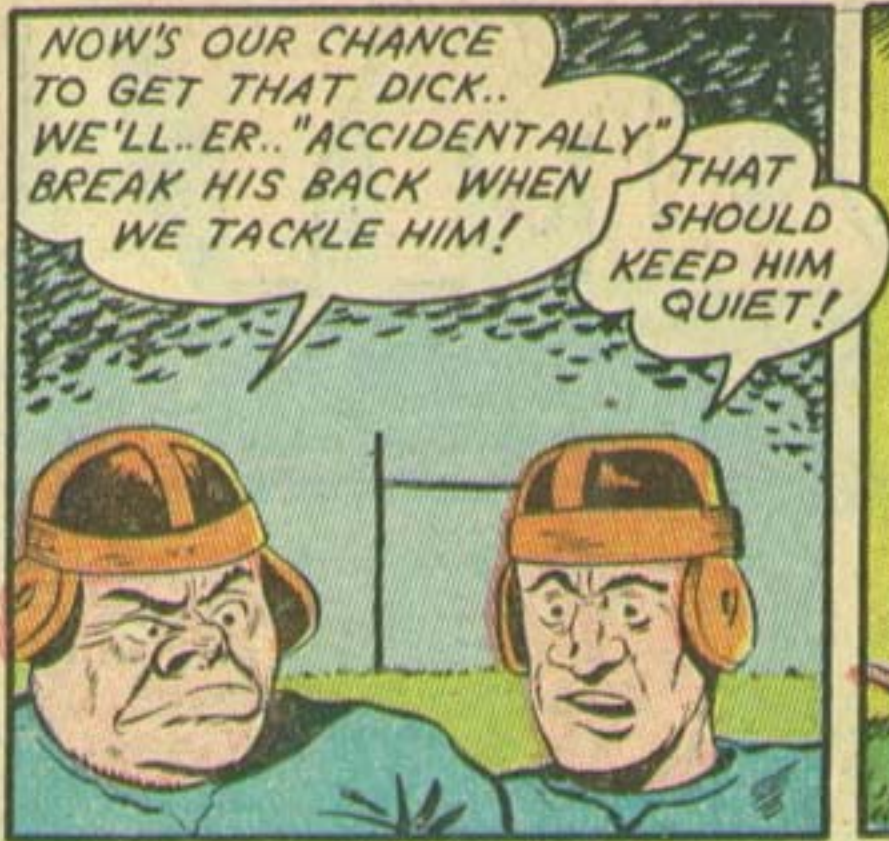
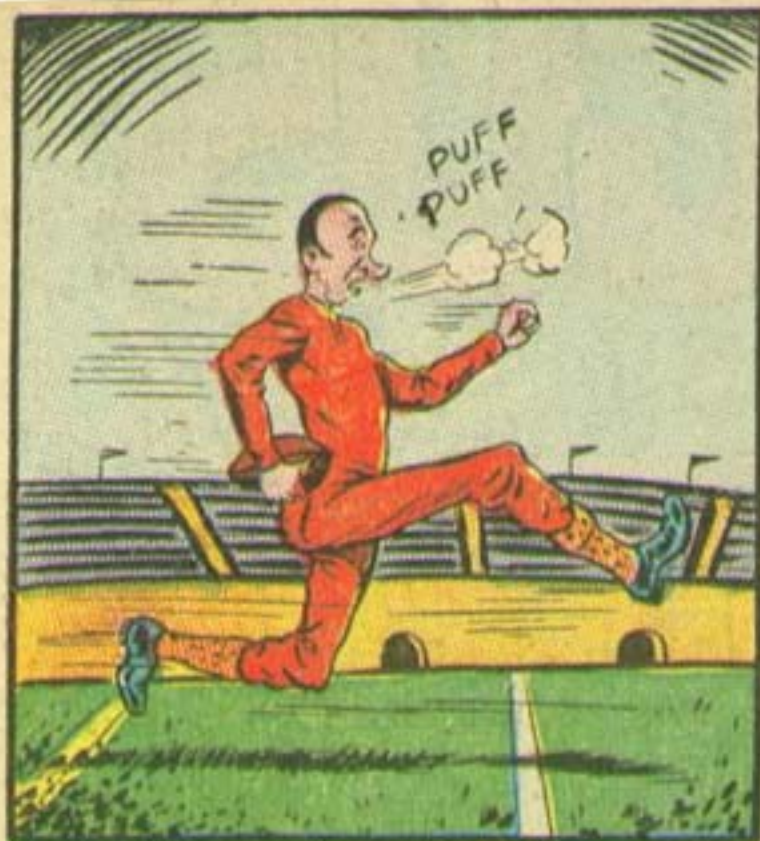
WHAT TH... WHO ARE THOSE GUYS? I NEVER SENT THEM OUT! HECK IT'S TOO LATE TO CALL 'EM BACK NOW... THE PLAY JUST STARTED..



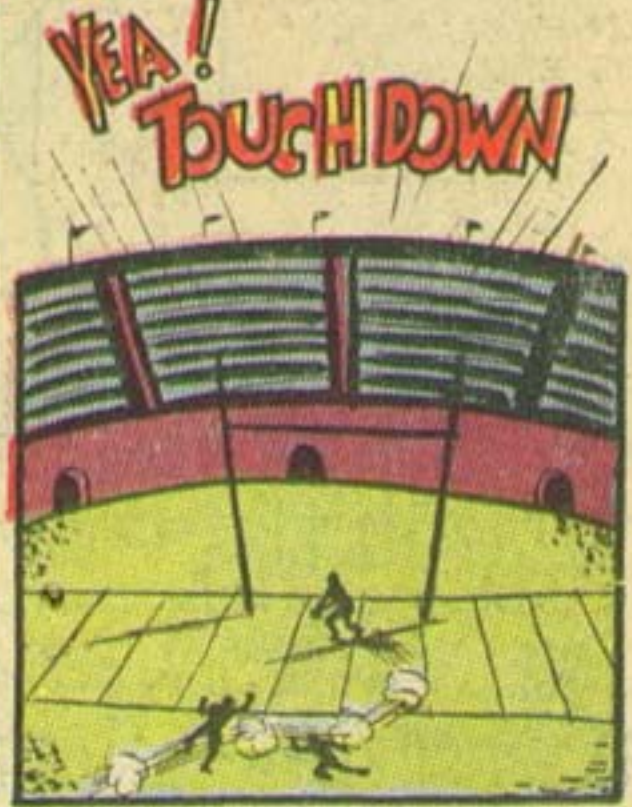
I SAW THEM GO IN THERE! I WONDER.. HEY! THERE THEY ARE! I'VE GOT AN IDEA

5

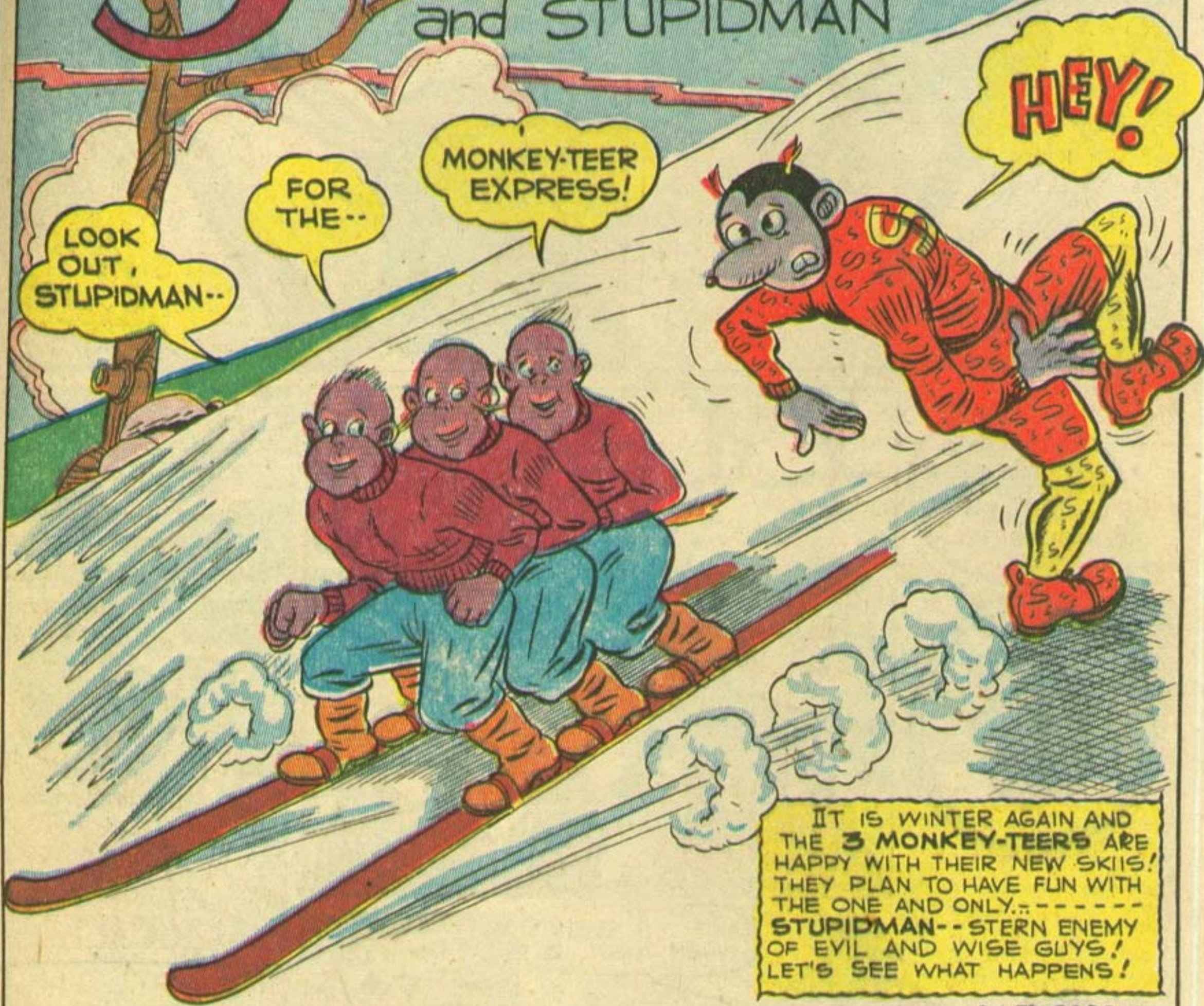




BUT WALDO, SNOOP'S SQUIRREL, IS ON THE JOB, AND TRIPS THE HOODLUM..



The **3 MONKEY-TEERS** and STUPIDMAN



LOOK OUT, STUPIDMAN--

FOR THE--

MONKEY-TEER EXPRESS!

HEY!

IT IS WINTER AGAIN AND THE **3 MONKEY-TEERS** ARE HAPPY WITH THEIR NEW SKIS! THEY PLAN TO HAVE FUN WITH THE ONE AND ONLY--STUPIDMAN--STERN ENEMY OF EVIL AND WISE GUYS! LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

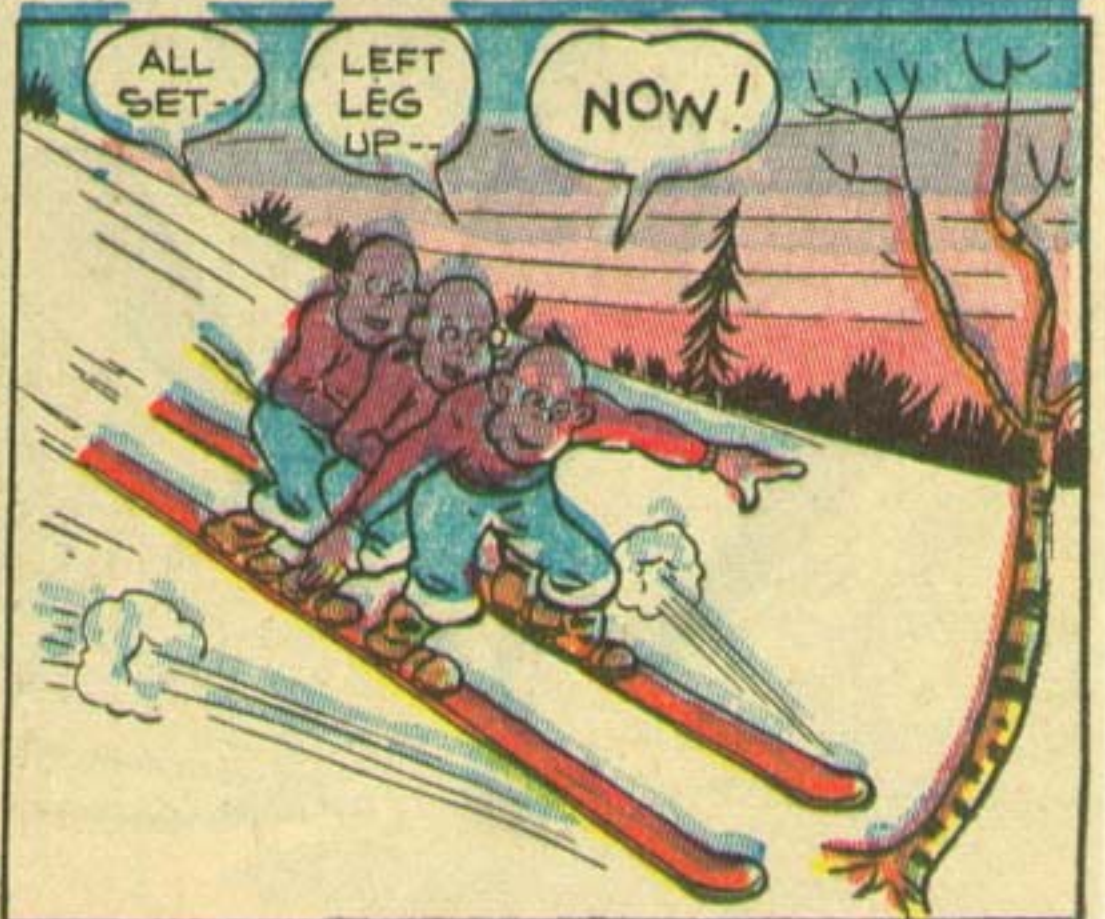
BY ED GOGGIN



NOW IS THE TIME--

TO TRY OUR NEW TRICK--

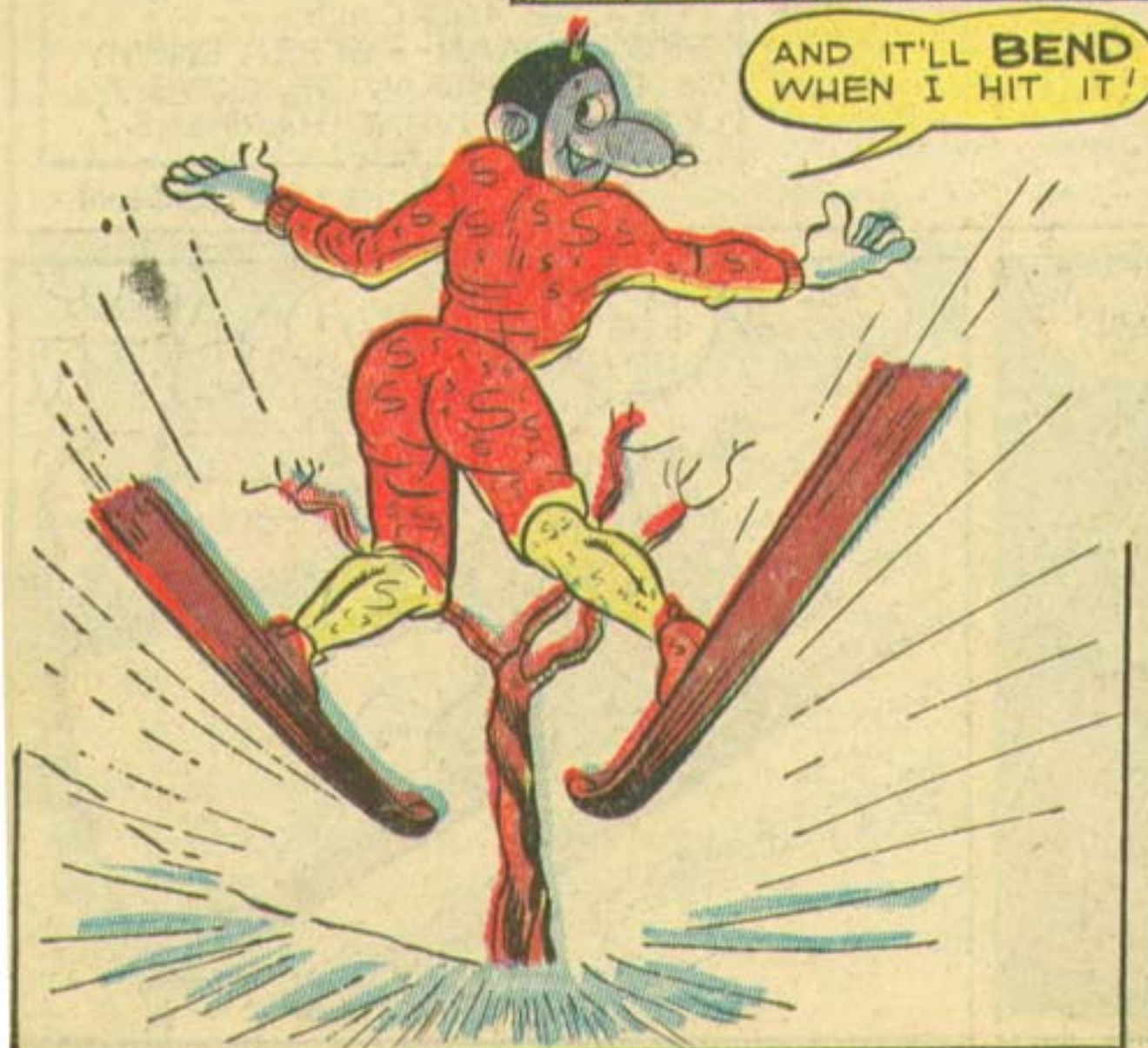
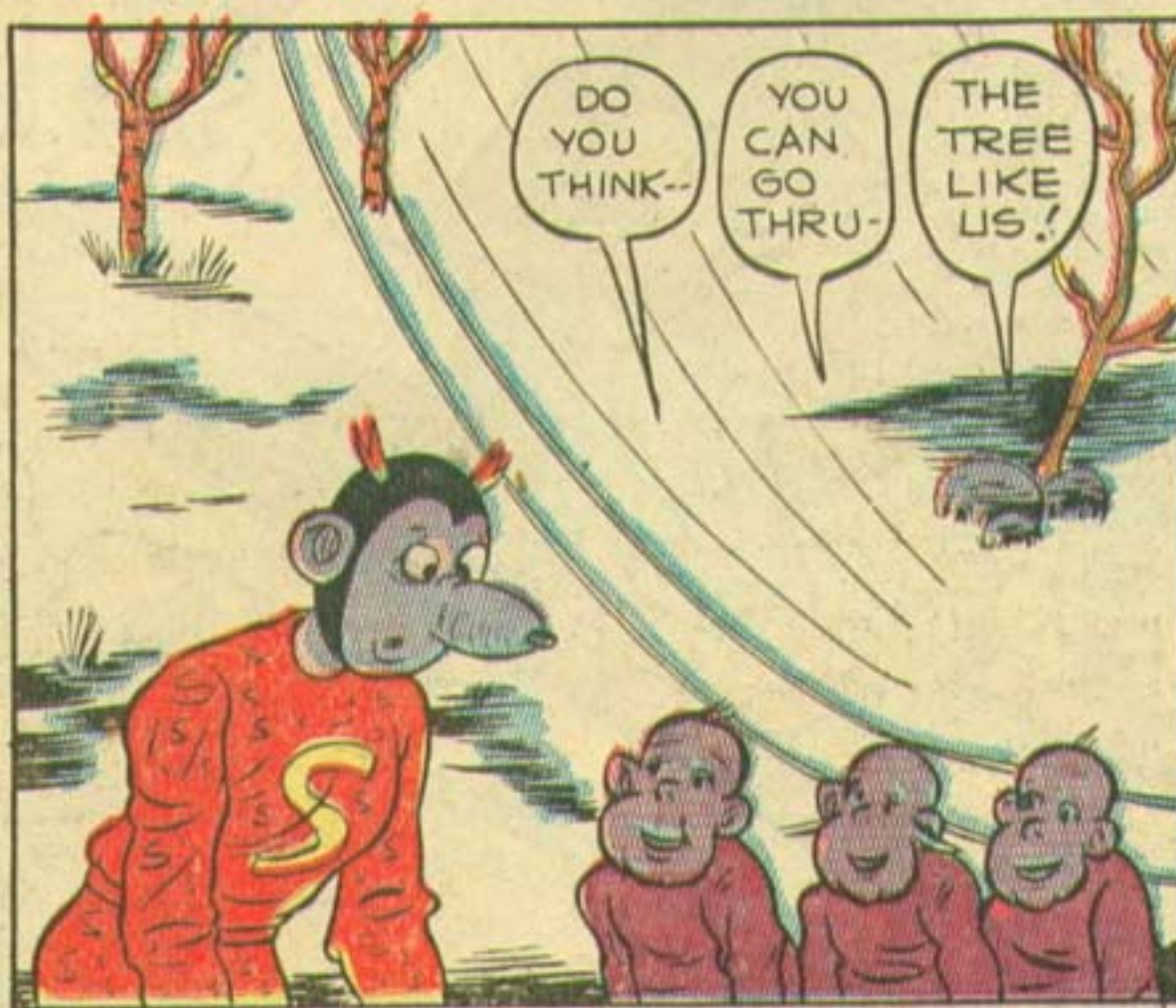
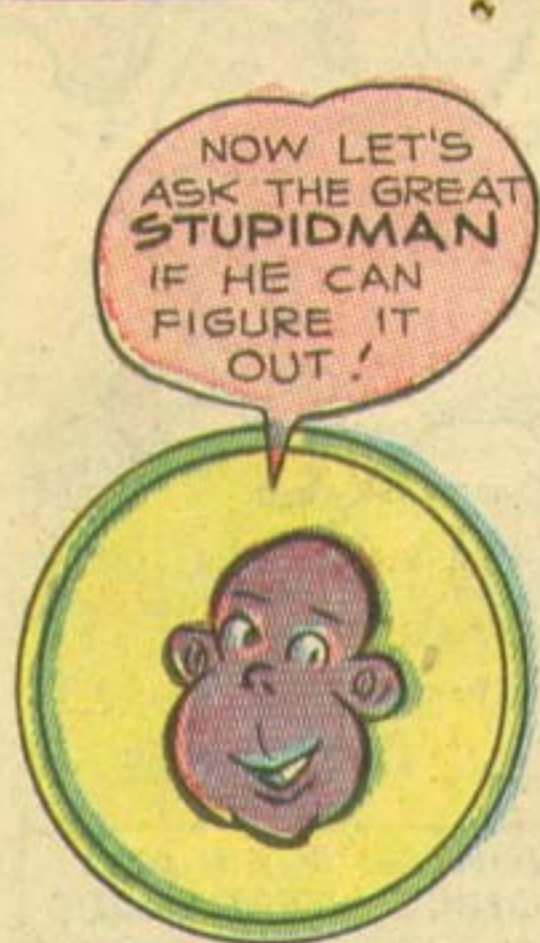
ON STUPIDMAN!

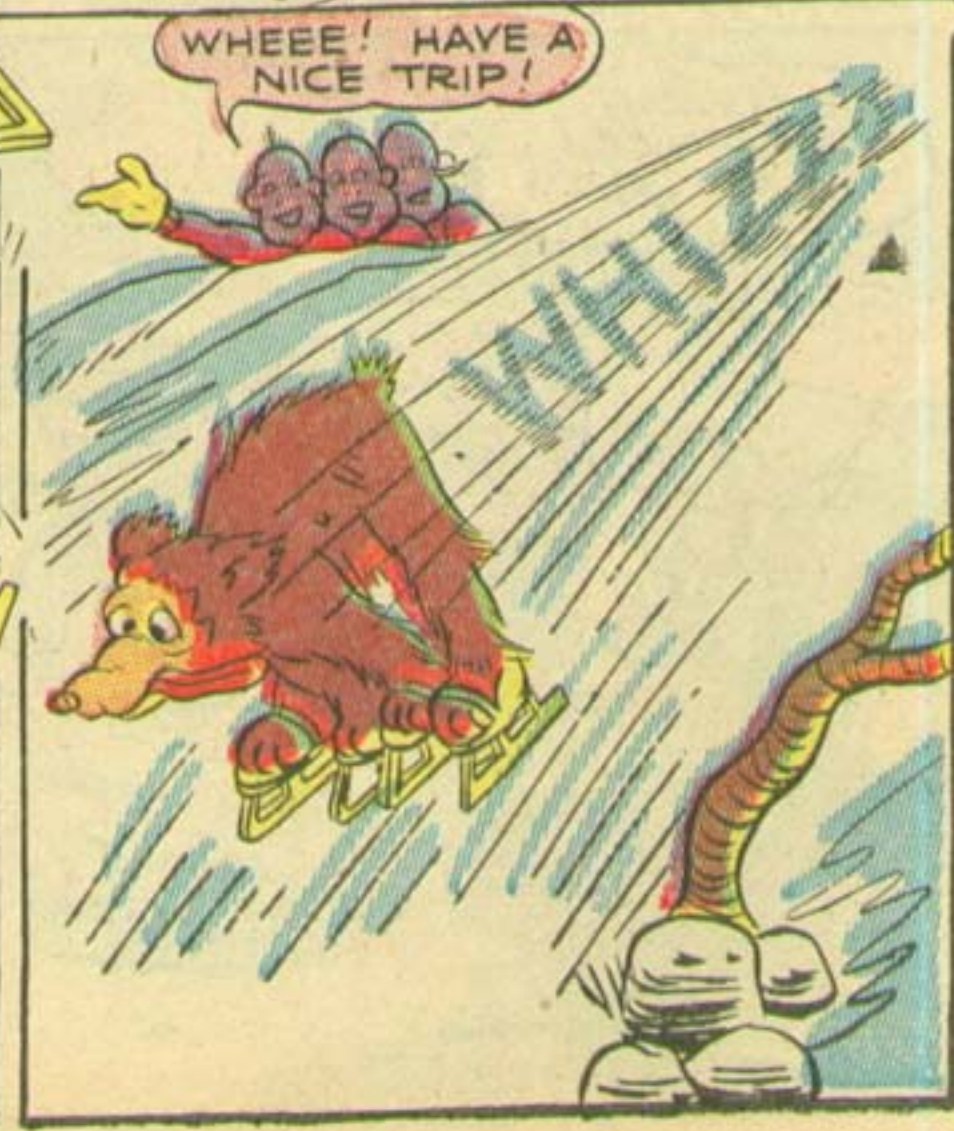
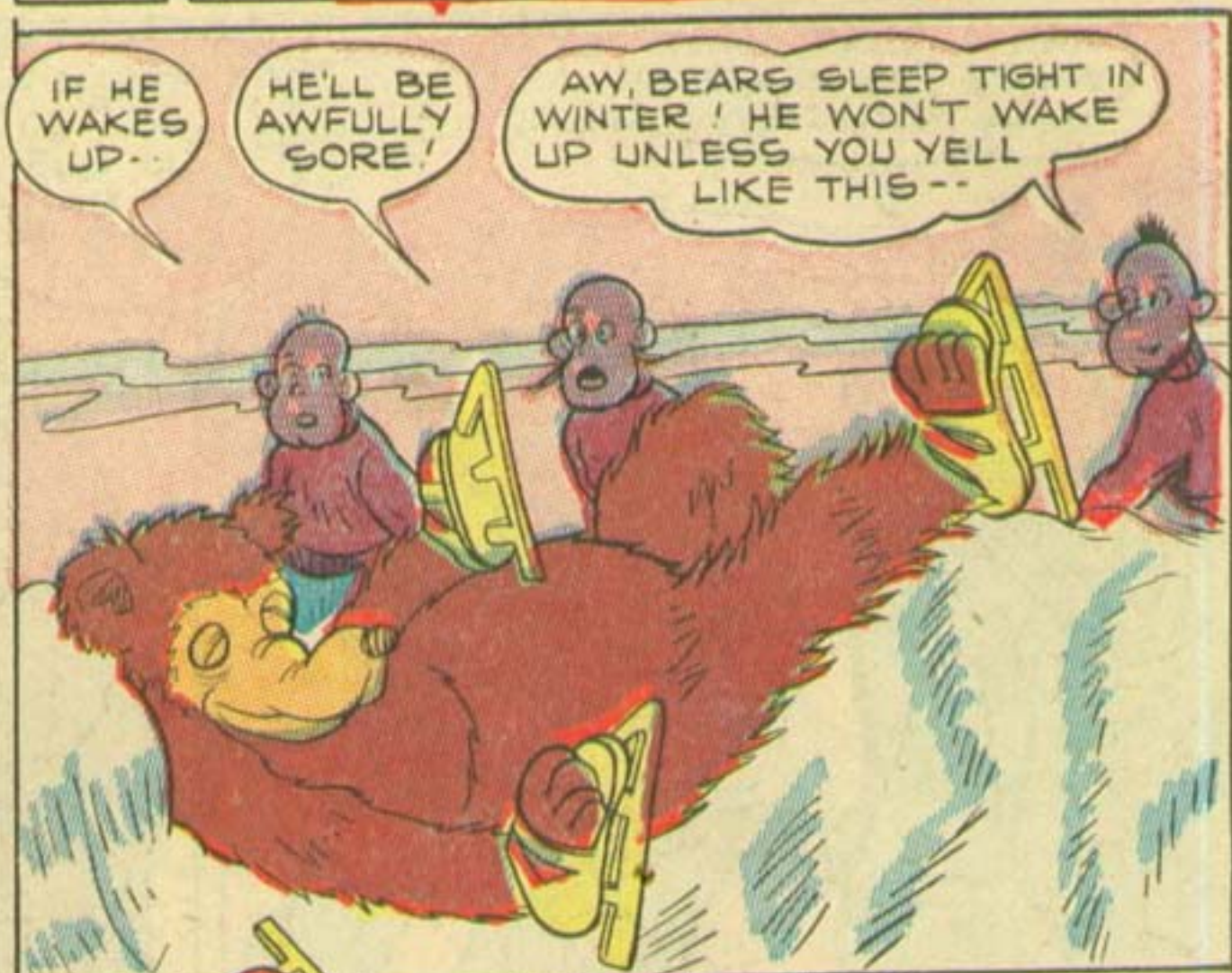


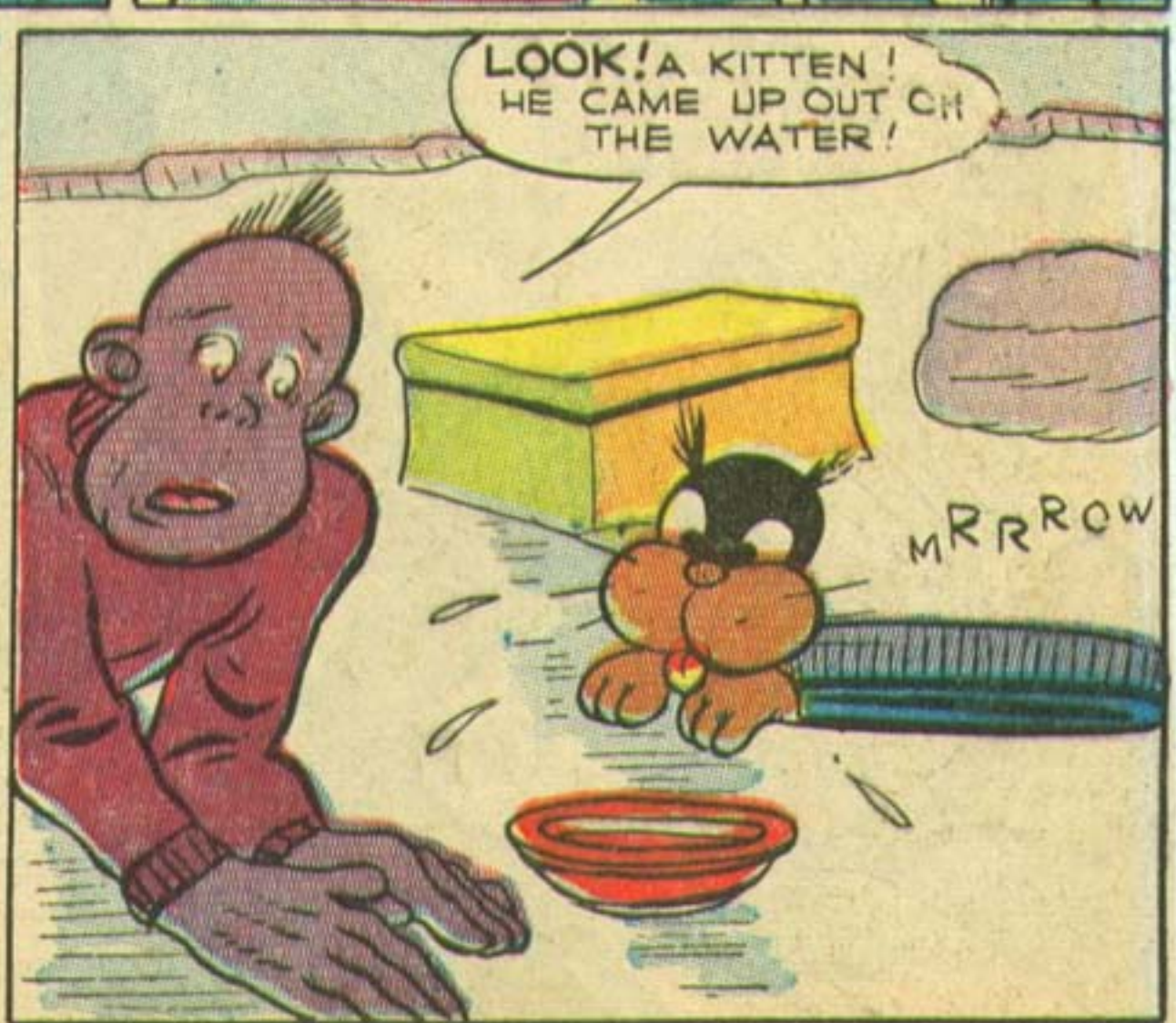
ALL SET--

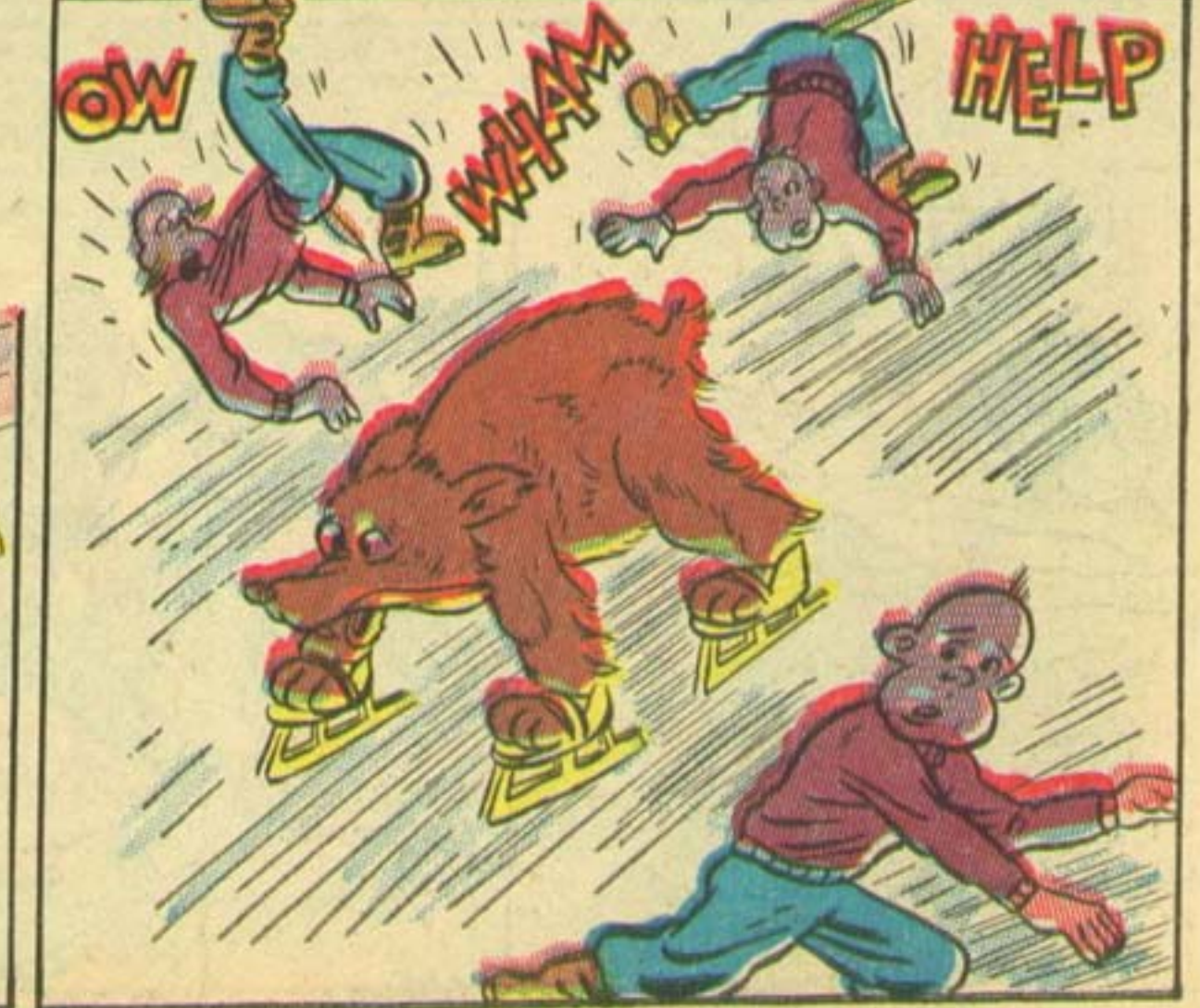
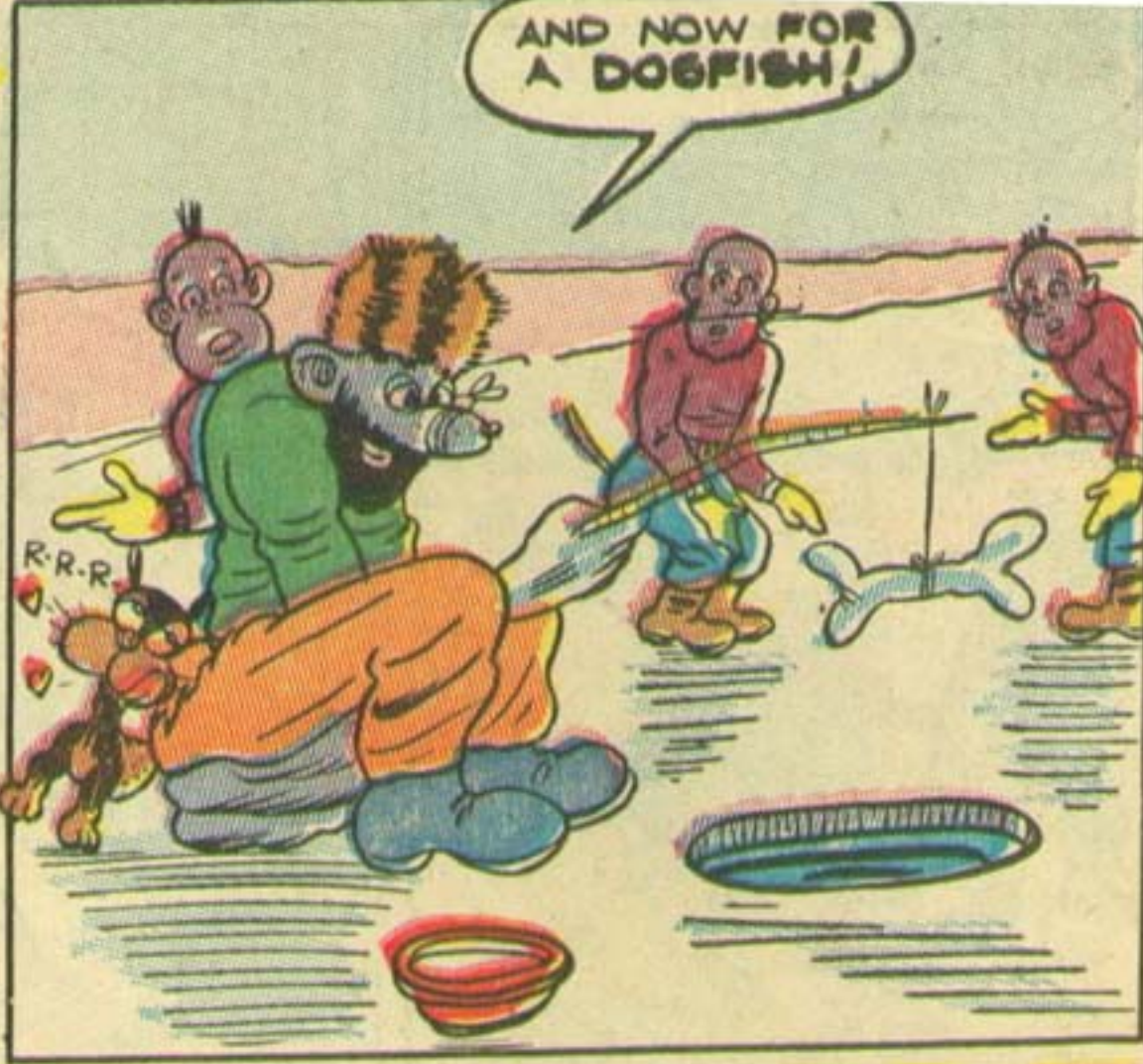
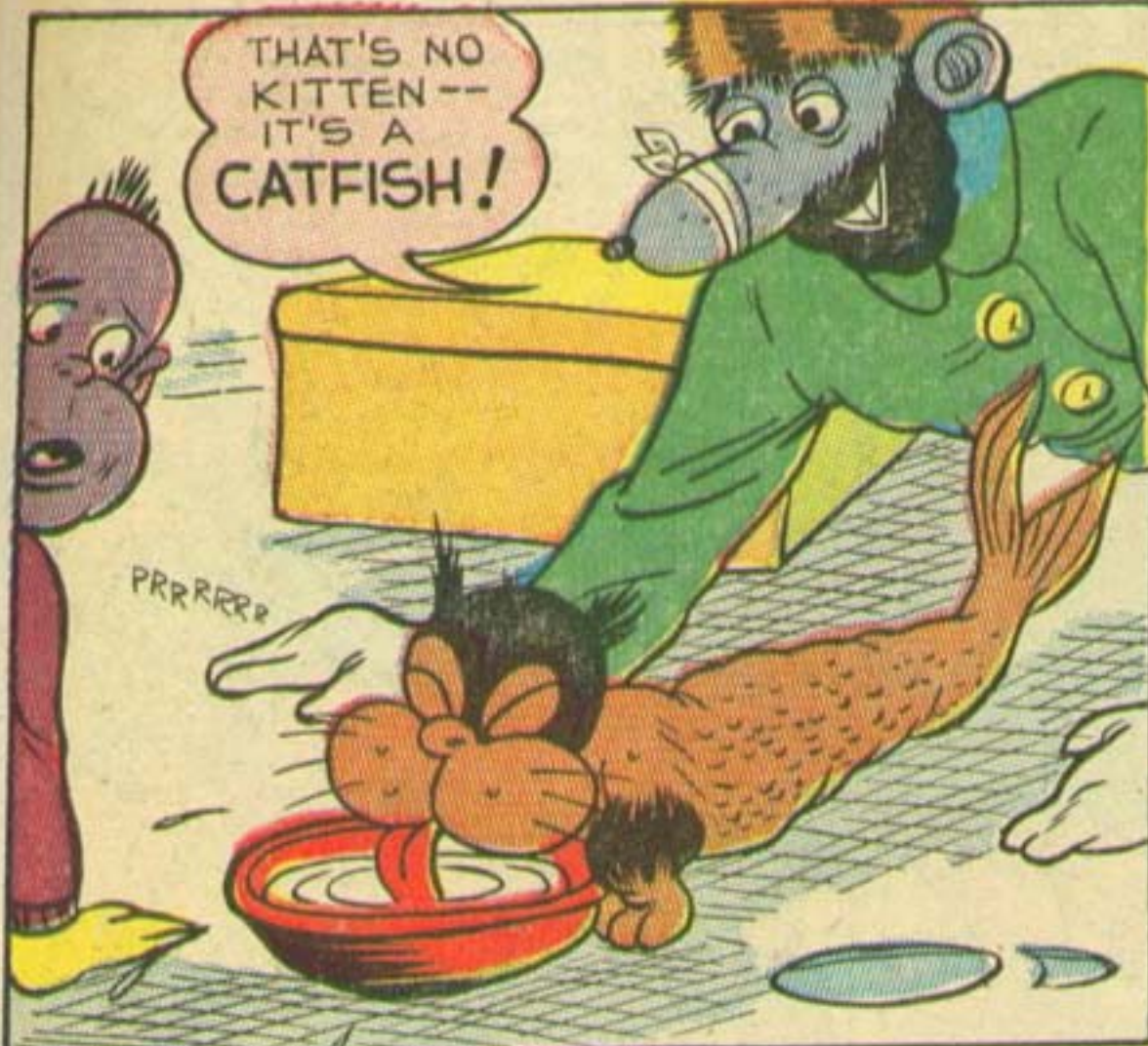
LEFT LEG UP--

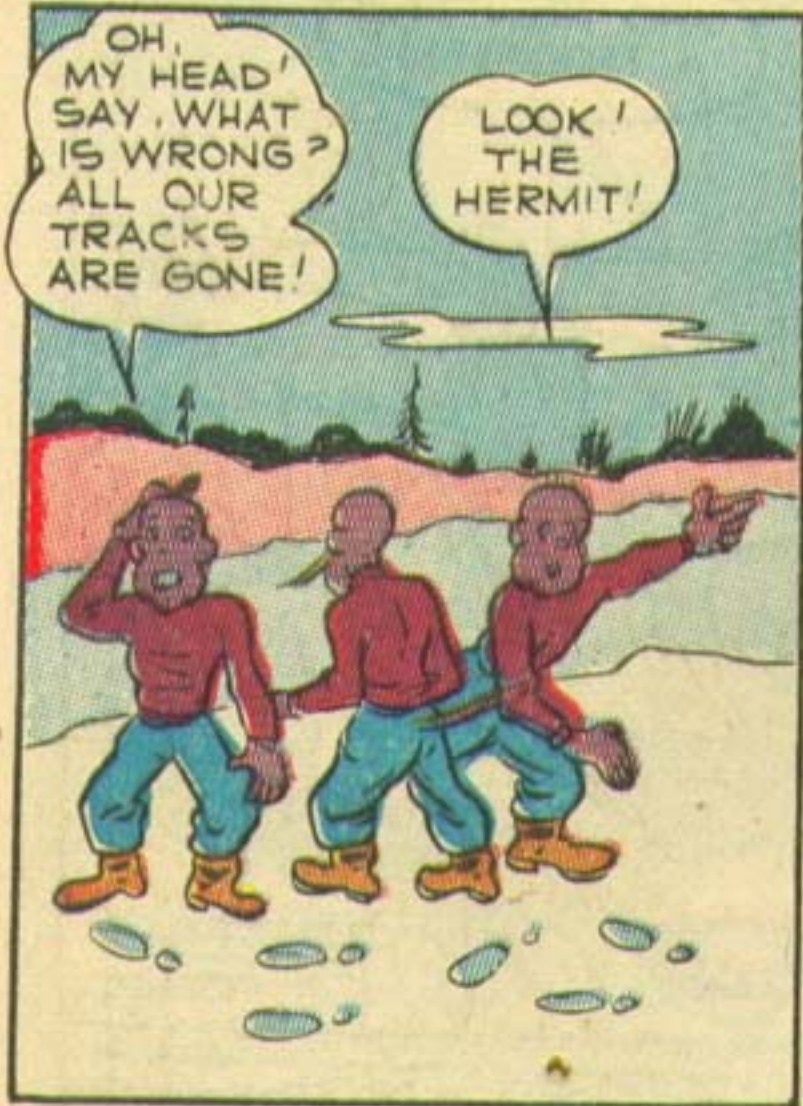
NOW!











OH, MY HEAD! SAY, WHAT IS WRONG? ALL OUR TRACKS ARE GONE!

LOOK! THE HERMIT!



AH! A FINE SPECIMEN! SIMIAN TYPE 42... JUST THE THING FOR MY COLLECTION!



DON'T BE AFRAID, BOYS! I'M ONLY GATHERING FOOT-PRINTS --- I SAVE 'EM --- MY HOBBY, YOU KNOW!



AND IT KEEPS THE SNOW UN-MARKED!

DON'T BE AFRAID -- NOTHING HAPPENS TO GOOD BOYS!

SUDDENLY!



OW

WHOP



WHY LOOK! IT WAS STUPIDMAN DRESSED AS THE HERMIT ALL THE TIME!

GOSH, WERE GLAD TO SEE YOU!

BUT YOU'RE THE ONE WHO WAS BAD!

IMAGINE TRYING TO MAKE US BELIEVE THERE IS SUCH A THING AS A CATFISH WHO LOOKS LIKE A KITTEN!

OF ALL THINGS -- DID YOU SEE THAT GOOD GOSH -- ENOUGH OF THIS! BUT SAY, IF YOU HAPPEN TO SEE THAT BEAR ON SKATES LET US KNOW!!!!

BEST LETTER THIS MONTH IS FROM DELBERT OTT TONOPAH, NEVADA BOX 425 --- WHO RECEIVES AN AUTOGRAPHED PHOTO FROM STUPIDMAN SEE YOU IN NEXT MONTH'S TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS

Readers' Page

EVERYBODY WINS! NOBODY LOSES! ENTER THIS UN-USUAL CONTEST RIGHT NOW! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SEND A SNAPSHOT OF YOURSELF AND A LETTER TELLING US WHICH CHARACTER IN TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS YOU LIKE BEST! AND WHY!

THE BEST LETTER WILL RECEIVE A LIFE-SIZED PORTRAIT AS SHOWN ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE!

ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS, 60 HUDSON ST. RM. 315, N.Y.C. BUT WIN OR LOSE, YOUR PICTURE WILL BE PUBLISHED AS SHOWN BELOW!

The Winner---

---AND HER WINNING LETTER!



EMMA GRADECHI
320 WALKER ST.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Although I'm not a little girl, I have read Top Notch Laugh Comics for quite some time and I find it very unusual and entertaining. Pokey Oakey is my choice for the favorite. He no sooner gets out of one mess than he's in the middle of another amusing one. Never a dull moment when reading Pokey Oakey and Top-Notch Laugh Comics!

Emma Gradechi

HONORABLE MENTION



JOHN SULLIVAN
45 ALEXANDER ST.
DORCHESTER, MASS.



CONNIE BERAVIDES
187 RUSS STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.



TONY STAGNER
3151 SO. THIRD ST.
LOUISVILLE, KY.



RUTH SPIKER
ISLAND ST.
LANACONING, MD.



CATHERINE PIVEDOM
3507 FAIR AVE.
ST. LOUIS, MO.



JACK COLLINS
19 LOCH LOMOND ST.
EO. UNIONTOWN, PA.



GWYN INGRAM
JEFFERSON, GA.



RICHARD LONG
403 IRVING ST.
MUSKOGEE, OKLA.



SHIRLEY GLICKMAN
3739 BURLINGAME
DETROIT, MICH.



IZZY ORINGER
149 BROOME ST.
NEW YORK, N.Y.



LYNELLE STRICKLAND
RT. 4 BOX 75
OSYKA, MISS.



DIMITRI SAFOUTIN
15963 HOFT RD.
BELLEVILLE, MICH.



JACQUELINE KAPLAN
2601 HADDON AVE.
CHICAGO, ILL.



JERRY SMITH
510 1/2 BURLINGTON
LOS ANGELES, CA.



BARBARA EPSTEIN
1773 PARK PLACE
BROOKLYN, N.Y.

THIS IS THE PORTRAIT EMMA GRADECHI RECEIVED



Sincerely
M.L.J.

HONORABLE MENTION ---- Continued---



HENRY DUNCAN
1914 EOLNEY RD.
NORFOLK, VA.



OLIVIA ALPHONSE
1034 STAFFORD RD.
FALL RIVER, MASS.



JOSEPH ARES
144 W. 28th ST.
NEW YORK, N.Y.



CAROL DERR
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A TRUE FACT STORY

by the Black Hood

"EPHRAIM, go down to the hospital and get me a pint of blood."

Ephraim Littlefield, janitor of the Harvard Medical School, took down a quart jar from a shelf in Dr. John Webster's chemical laboratory and asked if that would do. The Professor, a short middle-aged man, side-whiskered as befitted a gentleman of Boston in 1849, nodded. Littlefield, who was general man at the newly established institute, left; but he was unable to successfully fulfill his mission. That day, which was Thursday, November 22nd, there was no blood to be had nor was there any available Friday morning. Dr. Webster was chagrined. He needed the blood for a lecture, he said.

Dr. George Parkman was a fairly wealthy man. It was he who had endowed the Medical School only the year before and who had gained Webster his place there. But Webster owed him money on a mortgage covering a valuable collection of minerals the chemist owned. Parkman was a philanthropist when he wanted to be but he was also a tight-fisted businessman. He believed in collecting debts even when they were owed by men who had to subsist on the poor salaries of college professors. And it was that Friday morning that Webster at last notified his creditor that he would pay him the money that was due him, a matter of some four hundred dollars. He would settle the debt that afternoon at one o'clock, at his laboratory. The matter was known to Littlefield, who had overheard discussion of it several days before.

Littlefield was a strange person, but typical enough in one matter; there is a New England type like him. Given to keeping their own counsel, given to certain eccentricities. He lived in his own quarters in the Medical School building, had access to the rooms and laboratories, tended the furnace, and kept watch on the great underground vault below wherein were thrown the used remains of the multifold cadavers used by the students in anatomy classes. Of all the men employed in Harvard, he alone seemed most able to penetrate into the foul recesses of the vaults amid the stench of decaying flesh.

Parkman, a tall gaunt man, bald, with a sharp-

ly jutting jaw, set out promptly that afternoon to the Webster laboratory to keep his appointment. He called in a grocery store on his way, nodded to several people, and was seen to enter the door of the college. He was never seen to leave.

Now Parkman was a man of strict punctuality; when he failed to meet other appointments in the afternoon and failed to show up at home in time for supper his family became aroused and concerned. They notified the city marshal, a Mr. Tuckey, and search was started at once. All night they searched and all the next day. Posters were sent out and a reward of \$3000 was offered for knowledge leading to either the finding of Parkman, his body, or his murderers.

Dr. Webster did not hear reports of his creditor's strange absence until they appeared in the papers several days later. He immediately went to the Parkman family, telling them that he was the party with whom the missing man had had his appointment.

Parkman had come to his laboratory as expected, Dr. Webster went on; he had been paid in cash on the spot by the chemist, had given Webster the cancelled I.O.U., and had immediately left in order to go to Cambridge to discharge the mortgage. That was the last that Webster had seen of him.

Professor Webster seemed much worried about the disappearance; he realized that suspicion was bound to fall upon him since he was the last man known actually to have seen Parkman and it was a fact that Parkman was a hard creditor who had hounded Webster severely. Littlefield told people of a severe argument that the two doctors had had only a few days prior to the disappearance; harsh words had been spoken on both sides and Parkman had threatened to sue for the money.

Police officers arrived Tuesday afternoon to search the building. They had determined to go over the place from top to bottom, hoping to find some sign that might point to the fate of the missing man. They found the janitor outside and made him accompany them.

They searched the place, starting with the up-

stairs rooms and the basement including Littlefield's own chambers where, unknown to the janitor, they went through his clothes. Then they went to Webster's laboratory, but it was locked.

They pounded and finally the chemist opened the door. He let them in and the men made for the professor's back private laboratory but were warned away.

"I keep my explosives and acids there."

The officer changed his mind abruptly. He had no desire to be sent to kingdom come by any accidental fumbling with violent chemicals. Then they went to the professor's basement laboratory; there was a small corner door leading to the tiny chamber which was the professor's privy. This they failed to investigate. Below this privy were the vaults wherein the wastes from the professor's experiments fell.

When the officers left, Littlefield slipped back to the door of the laboratory. He drew a knife and crouched down beside the door but the noise of someone else in the building coming his way distracted him and he went away.

The next day Littlefield continued his actions. He tried looking under the door and watching the professor at work; he could see the chemist's feet moving near the assay furnace which was a part of his laboratory equipment but he could make out nothing further. Testing the walls outside the location of the furnace he confirmed that it was in operation.

Later that day, when Webster had left, Littlefield pried around and finally forced his way into the laboratory by way of a back window. He saw that the furnace indeed had been in heavy use the past few days but that was not a new discovery. He found several suspicious wet spots on the stairs leading to Webster's basement and to his back room (the one where explosives were supposed to have been stored). These tasted to him like acid.

It turned out that these spots were from a classroom test of the chemist's.

Thanksgiving Day found Littlefield again prowling around the deserted college building. He was in the cellar opposite the wall of Webster's basement. He had started to try to dig into the back of the chemist's privy which he had failed to get into otherwise. For several hours he pried bricks loose but it was a thick wall.

He worked on his sinister project most of the afternoon, using crowbar, chisel and hammer, he removed brick after brick and finally broke

through. He rested a moment and tried to get a light through the small hole to see what was inside the professor's privy chamber.

Water was running in the sink. The first thing his light fell on were parts of a human leg and a section of pelvis. He withdrew immediately, went out and notified the City Marshal.

The searching party from the police immediately went back with him, viewed the bits of body, got into the laboratory and investigated the furnace. Littlefield put in his hand and drew from the ashes a piece of charred bone.

Webster was seized at his home and arrested that night. He denied everything but gave himself away when he tried to commit suicide by swallowing a strychnine pill he had been carrying around. His effort failed. He still denied his guilt but after a long trial was convicted. Other bones were taken out of the sealed vault and part of the torso was found in a metal container in Webster's chambers.

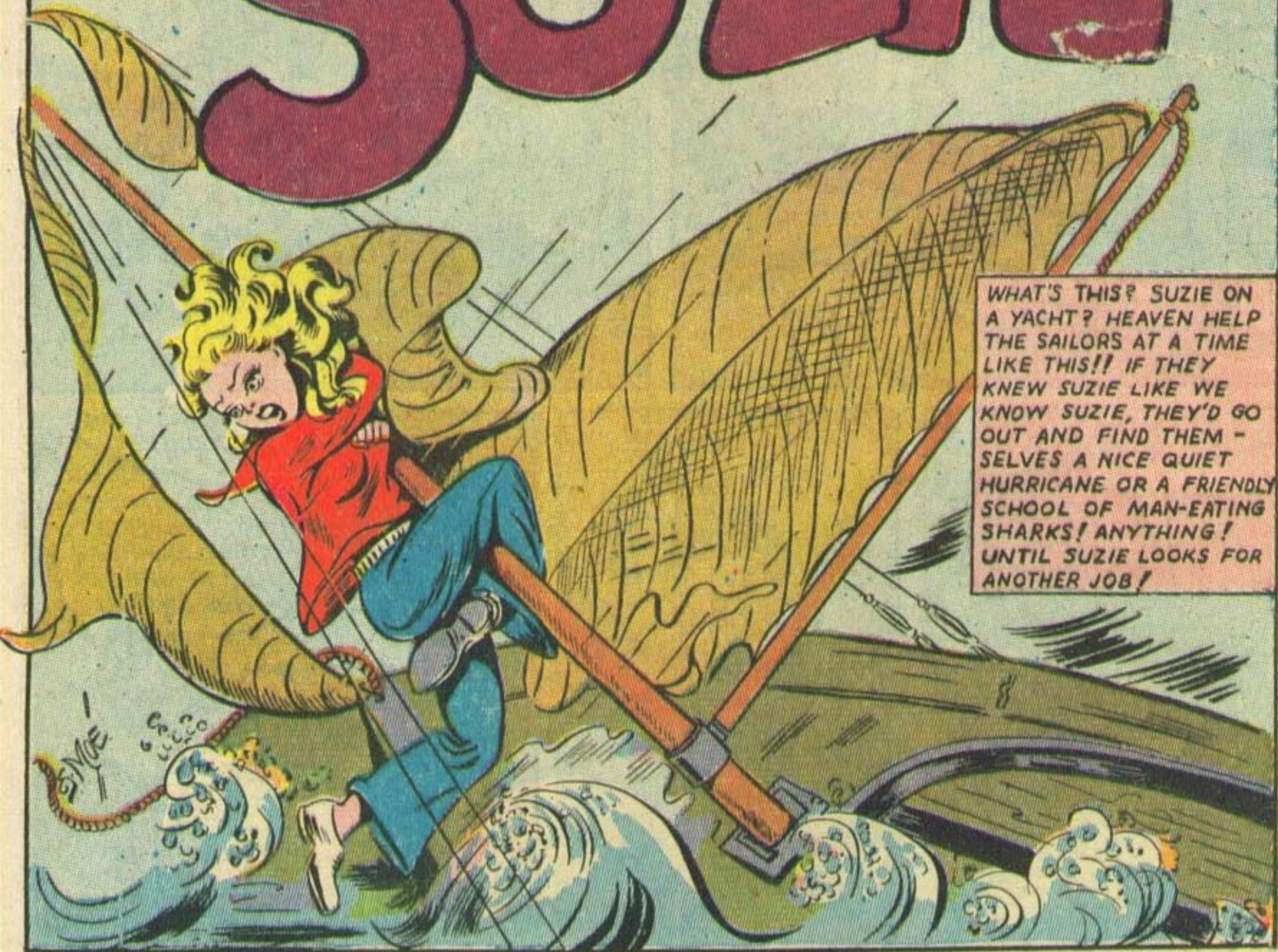
At last the little chemist confessed.

He had not had the money to pay his threatening creditor and when Parkman had come to his laboratory that fatal afternoon, he had told him so. A fight ensued, during which Webster struck the philanthropist with a club and killed him.

The mild, generally meek, professor thereupon locked the doors of his laboratories, took the documents of debt from the dead man's pockets, dragged the body into his back room and undressed it. He burned the clothes in his furnace and set about dissecting the body with as little concern as if he were demonstrating before a class room. It was not easy to get rid of the pieces because his assay furnace was small and would not take large sections. Some parts he squeezed down the privy drain; others he stowed away in the sink under running water until he could attend to burning them later. The whole process had taken a week and he had not determined how to dispose of the parts that the janitor uncovered, nor of the heavy mass of the torso.

John Webster was hanged August 30th, 1850. To his death he denied that the affair had been premeditated. But there is one thing unsolved, the question of for what purpose he intended to use the pint of blood he sent Littlefield out to obtain the day before the murder. Webster never had any use for blood in his work. It has never been explained.

SUZIE



WHAT'S THIS? SUZIE ON A YACHT? HEAVEN HELP THE SAILORS AT A TIME LIKE THIS!! IF THEY KNEW SUZIE LIKE WE KNOW SUZIE, THEY'D GO OUT AND FIND THEM - SELVES A NICE QUIET HURRICANE OR A FRIENDLY SCHOOL OF MAN-EATING SHARKS! ANYTHING! UNTIL SUZIE LOOKS FOR ANOTHER JOB!



I'M THE NEW GOVERNESS MRS. SNOBSNOOT HIRED. MY NAME'S SUZIE

COME IN PLEASE!

MRS. SNOBSNOOT IS UPSTAIRS PACKING, SHE'S EXPECTING YOU!

PACKING! IS SHE GOING ON A TRIP? HOW NICE! I JUST ADORE A....

... TRIP
OOOFF

AND UPSTAIRS

OH! I'M EXHAUSTED!
WHERE IS THAT
GOVERNESS THE
AGENCY PROMISED
TO SEND?

JUNIOR! YOU GET THAT
CAT OF YOURS OUT OF
HERE! WE'RE NOT TAKING
HIM ALONG ON OUR
YACHT TRIP!

YETH MOMMY

YOU GO CHATHE
FWOGGY, KITTY!

OOONK
OOONK

YEEEEOOOWW

DON'T KIWY, MOMMY!
YOU DIDN'T HURT
FWOGGY!

OH! WHY DOESN'T
THAT GOVERNESS
COME AND TAKE
JUNIOR OFF MY
HANDS (SNIFF)

HELLO MRS. SNOB-
SNOOT! HERE I AM!
I'M SUZIE, YOUR
GOVERNESS!

OH THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE
HERE! NOW I WON'T HAVE
ANY MORE TROUBLE! HELP
ME PACK, DEAR!

YES
MA'M!

OOONK



ER...AM I GOING WITH YOU ON THE YACHT TRIP?

YES SUZIE. I'LL WANT YOU TO LOOK AFTER JUNIOR ON THE BOAT



OH SUZIE! COME HERE AND STRAP MY CORSET. IT'S A LITTLE TIGHT!



OGEEGOLLY! SHE'LL NEED A PIANO MOVER TO GET HER INTO THAT CORSET!



UGH!

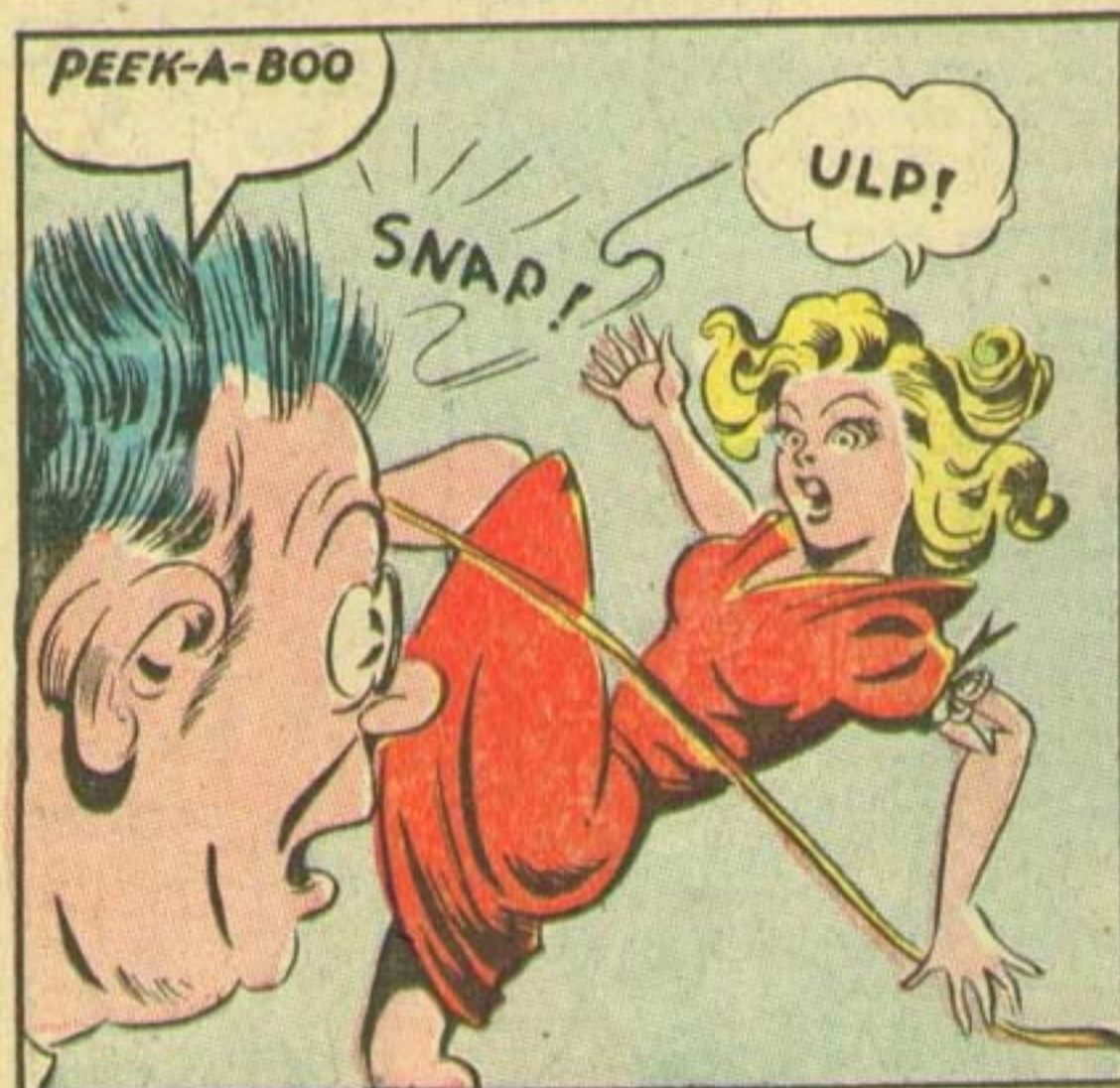
OOOOFFF!



IS MY WIFE IN, THEODORE?

YES MR. SNOB SNOOT! SHE'S UP STAIRS WITH JUNIOR

I'LL JUST POP IN AND SURPRISE JUNIOR!



PEEK-A-BOO

SNAP!

ULD!



? CRASH

OGEEGOLLY! MAYBE I SHOULD'N'T HAVE LET THE STRING GO!



WHAT HIT ME?



OH! I'M ALL BROKEN UP ALOYISIUS!

YOUNG LADY! GET SOME SPIRITS FOR MY WIFE! HURRY!

SPIRITS!



I THINK HE'S CRAZY! BUT ORDERS ARE ORDERS!



QUICK! MR. SNOBSNOOT WANTS HIS WIFE HAUNTED!

WHA... HAUNTED? WHO... HOW...



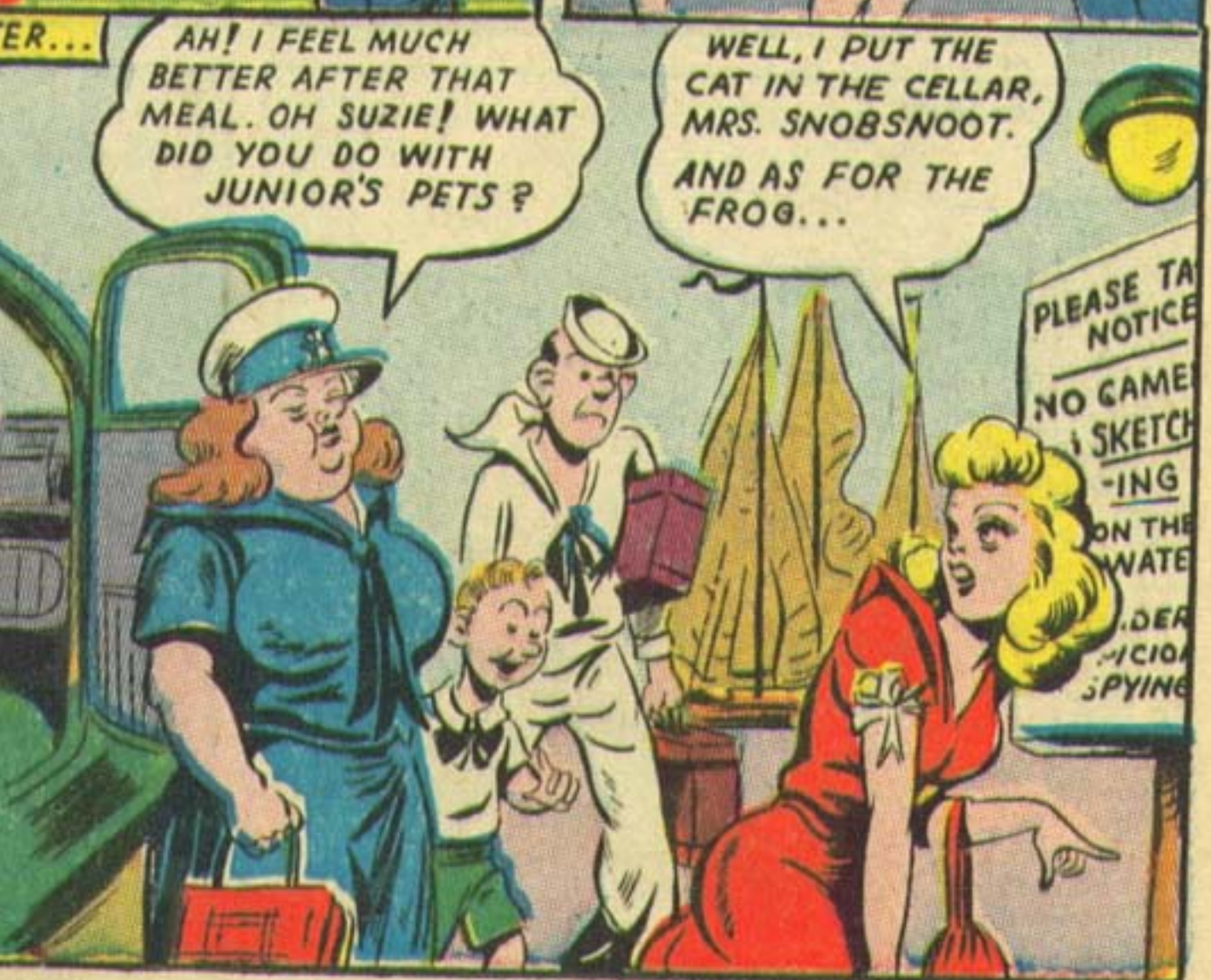
THUTHIE! DADDY FOUND THE THSPIRITS OF AMMONIA HIMTHELF!

SPIRITS OF AMMONIA! OH!



MY WORD! AM I GLAD THAT SUZIE GIRL IS GOING ALONG ON THE YACHT WITH THEM!

LATER...



AH! I FEEL MUCH BETTER AFTER THAT MEAL. OH SUZIE! WHAT DID YOU DO WITH JUNIOR'S PETS?

WELL, I PUT THE CAT IN THE CELLAR, MRS. SNOBSNOOT. AND AS FOR THE FROG...

PLEASE TAKE NOTICE
NO GAMING
SKETCHING
ON THE WATER
DERIVATION
SPYING





LOOK THUTHIE!
I TOOK FWOGGIE
ALONG. BUT
DON'T TELL
MOMMY!

JUNIOR! WHERE
DID YOU FIND
YOUR FROG!



HE WATH HOPPIN' AROUND
IN THE KITCHEN!

OO... YOUR MOTHER'LL
BE TERRISLY RELIEVED
WHEN SHE FINDS
SHE DIDN'T EAT THE
FROG AFTER ALL



I'LL GO TELL
HER RIGHT
AWAY!



UGH.. EVERYTIME I
THINK OF THAT FROG
I GET SICKER...



IF I EVER SO
MUCH AS SEE A
FROG AGAIN, I
THINK I'LL DIE!

AWWRK



.. AN' SO, MR. SNOBSNOOT
YOUR WIFE WASN'T IN
HER ROOM, SO I LEFT
THE FROG THERE.
SHE'LL BE AWFULLY
RELIEVED TO KNOW..

OH
DADDY!
DADDY!

YES

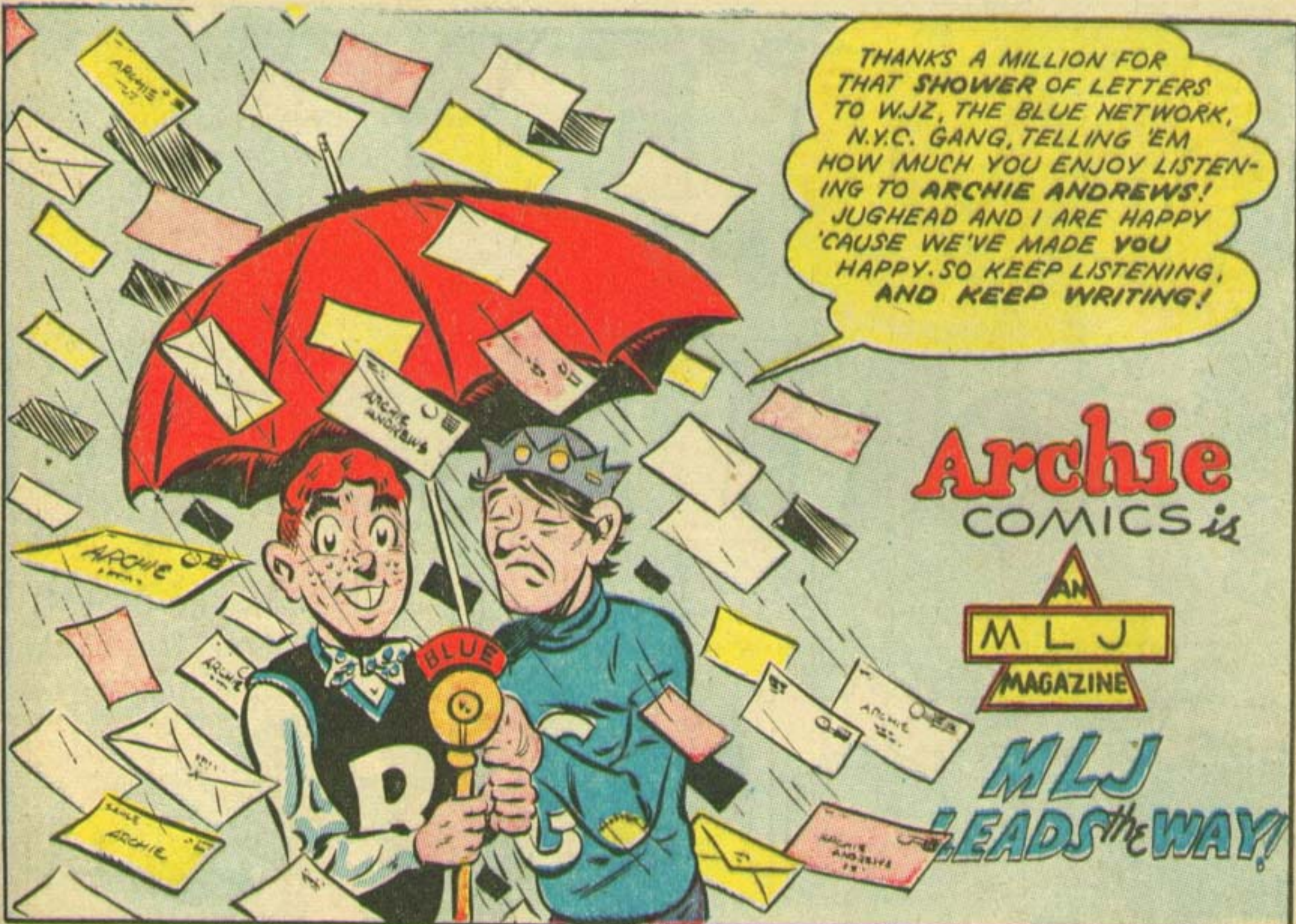


FWOGGIE ITH
IN THE WATER
IN THE BAFF TUB
AND MUMMY IS
UNDER IT!

WHAT



THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I
EVER FLOATED OUT OF
A JOB!



THANKS A MILLION FOR
THAT SHOWER OF LETTERS
TO W.J.Z, THE BLUE NETWORK,
N.Y.C. GANG, TELLING 'EM
HOW MUCH YOU ENJOY LISTEN-
ING TO ARCHIE ANDREWS!
JUGHEAD AND I ARE HAPPY
'CAUSE WE'VE MADE YOU
HAPPY. SO KEEP LISTENING,
AND KEEP WRITING!

Archie
COMICS is



MLJ
LEADS the WAY!

the
BLACK HOOD WANTS YOU



to
TUNE IN
on
WOR MUTUAL
BROADCASTING
SYSTEM

Every night
5:15 EWT

GLOOMY GUS

THE HOMELESS GHOST

by "RED" HOLMDALE

STORY BY GOGGIN



POOOR GLOOMY GUS--HE'S QUITE A GUY--- HE GOT HIT BY A TRUCK BUT DIDN'T DIE! HE BECAME A GHOST WITH OUT A HOME! WOULDN'T FOR AG HEAVEN TAKE HIM, HE HAD TO ROAM IN SEARCH OF A BODY-- THAT'S STRONG AND ROOMY UNTIL HE FINDS ONE GUS GLOOMY!

WE OPEN OUR STORY IN ST. PETE'S HANGOUT WHICH IS SIX CLOUDS TO THE LEFT AND ONE TO THE RIGHT!

HY THERE READERS--IF YOU REMEMBER IN THE LAST ISSUE I TURNED THE TIME BACK TO THE STONE AGE ON GUS AND GABBY!



PRESENT

PAST

PRESENT

POP!

PAST



HOLY SMOKE, GUS-- WE SURE GOT INTO SOME MESS THIS TIME--LOOKIT!-- DRAGONS!

NAH! THEY'RE ONLY DINOSAURS! THEY CAN'T HURT YOU! THEY'RE HARMLESS VEGETARIANS!

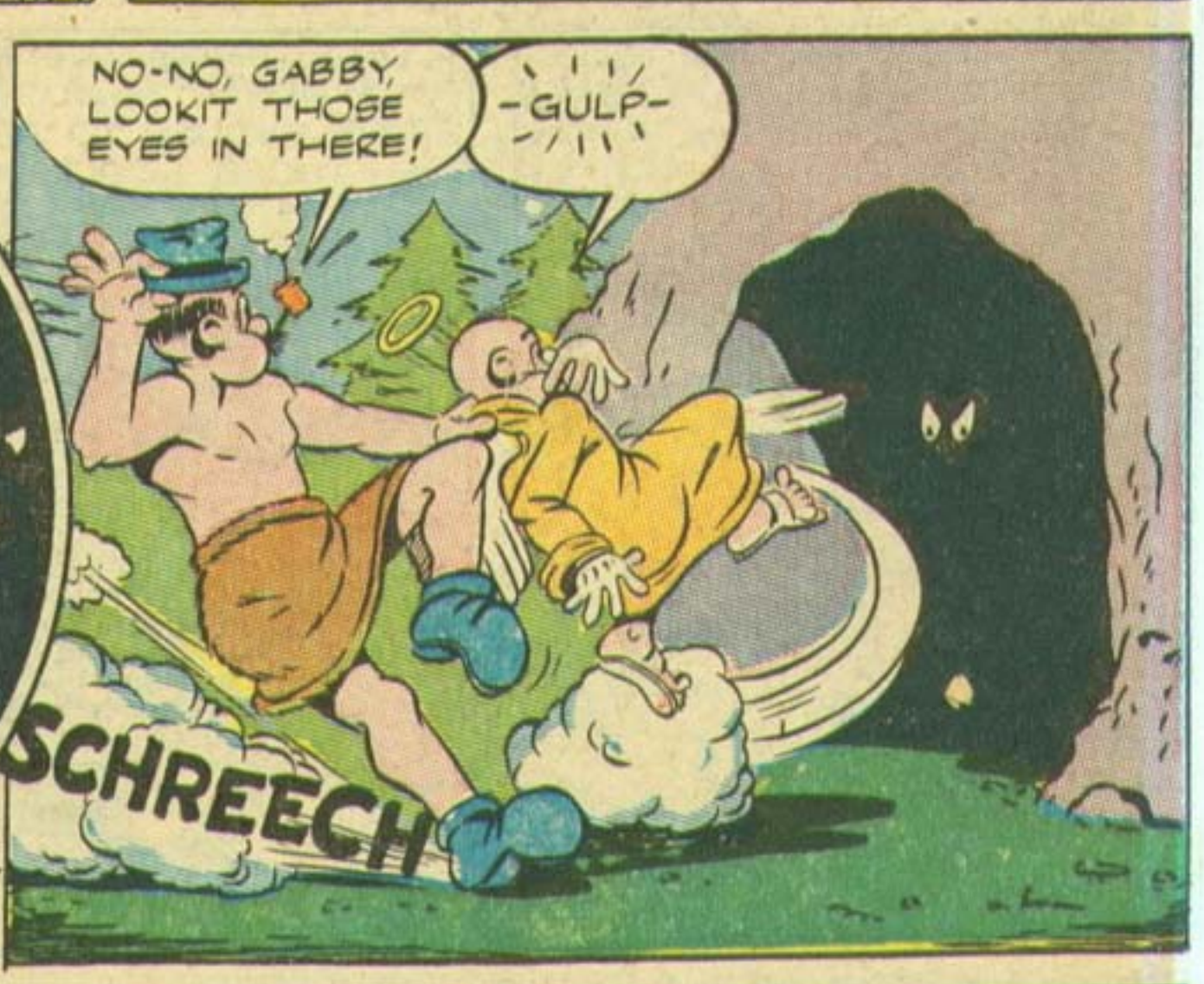


THE ONES YOU GOTTA WATCH OUT FOR ARE THE TYRANOSAURUS! BOY THEY'RE BAD BUSINESS!



GRRR

WHY I READ WHERE TH--THE--- HEY, WHAT'S TH--?



YEAH! THAT SHOWS YOU HOW DUMB THESE GUYS ARE--DO YOU KNOW THE BOW AND ARROW HASN'T BEEN INVENTED YET!

IT HASN'T!



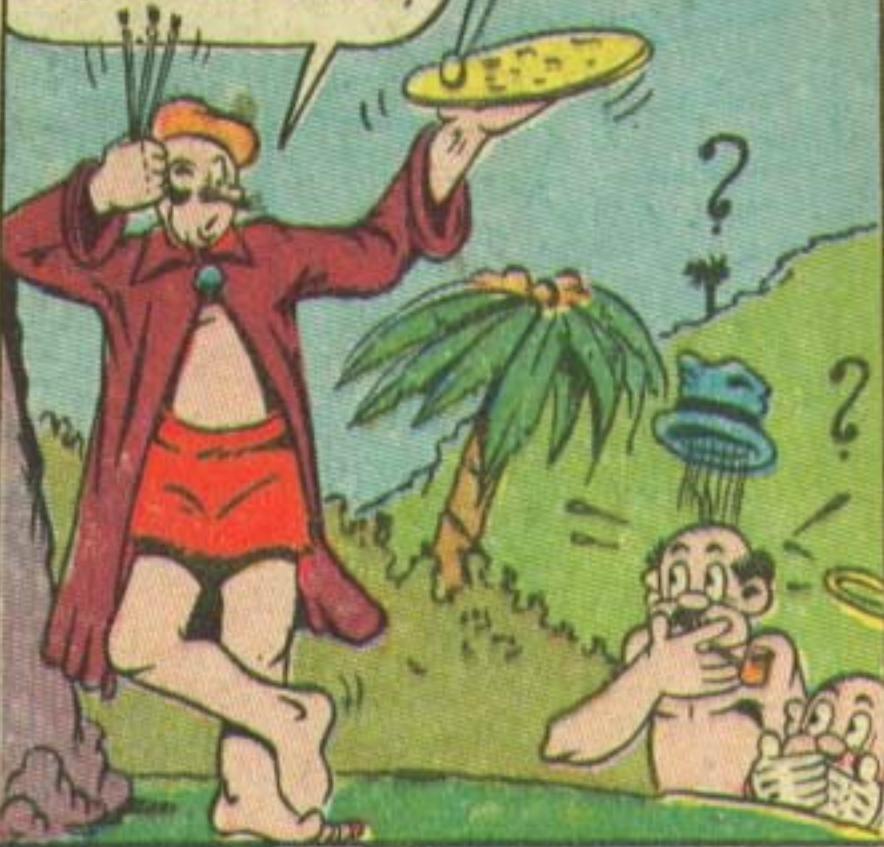
WHY THEY DONT EVEN KNOW ABOUT FIRE--SOME DOPES, HUH?

TAKE IT EASY ON THOSE REMARKS, MY FRIEND, NOT ALL OF US ARE DUMB.

HUH? WHO SAID THAT?



I AM NOVELLO MONTEZ--- THE REMBRANDT OF THE STONE AGE! SAY, DON'T JUDGE US ALL BY THAT ONE UN-COUTH SPECIMEN!



THE TRIBE I BELONG TO IS PULLENTY HEP! BUT ALAS! THOSE CAVE MEN TRY TO KNOCK US OFF EVERY CHANCE THEY GET!

HMM-- THAT'S A FAMILIAR SOUNDING STORY!



IF ONLY THERE WAS SOMEBODY SMART ENOUGH AND BRAVE ENOUGH TO TEACH THOSE HOODLUMS A LESSON!

HMM--



THIS CALLS FOR CONCENTRATION, GABBY!

IF WHAT I'M THINKIN' IS RIGHT, THIS CALLS FOR THE UNDERTAKER!

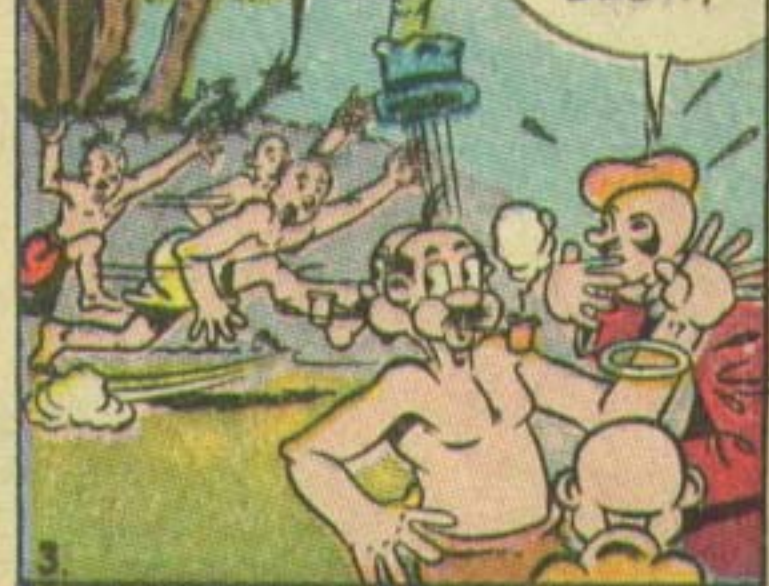


AT THIS MOMENT--

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

CLUBHEADS ON THE WAR-PATH!

CLUBHEAD! HE'S THE ROUGHEST TOUGHEST CAVE MAN OF THEM ALL, BROTHER! WE'D BETTER BLOW!



NOT ME! WE'LL FIX THAT WISE GUY, HUH, GABBY?

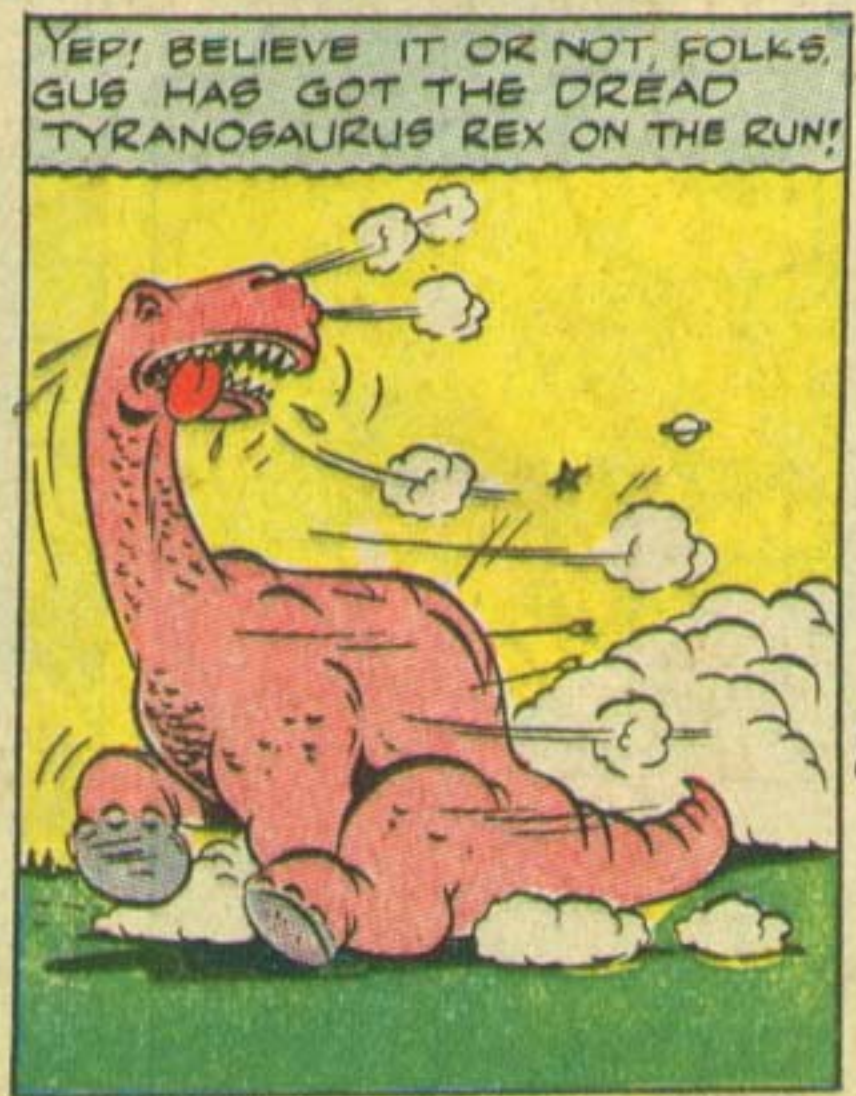
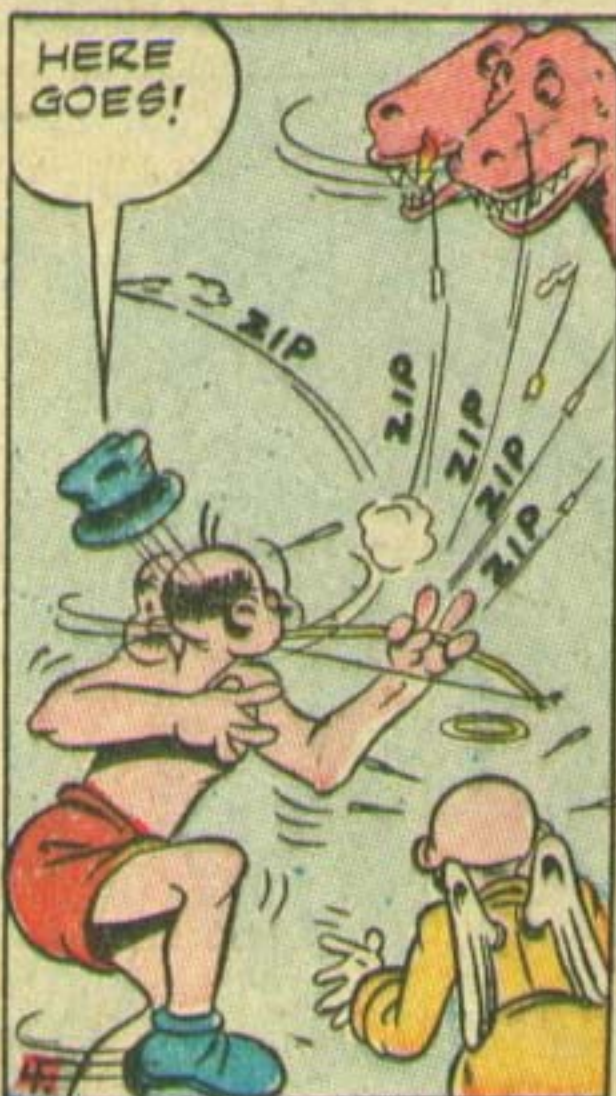
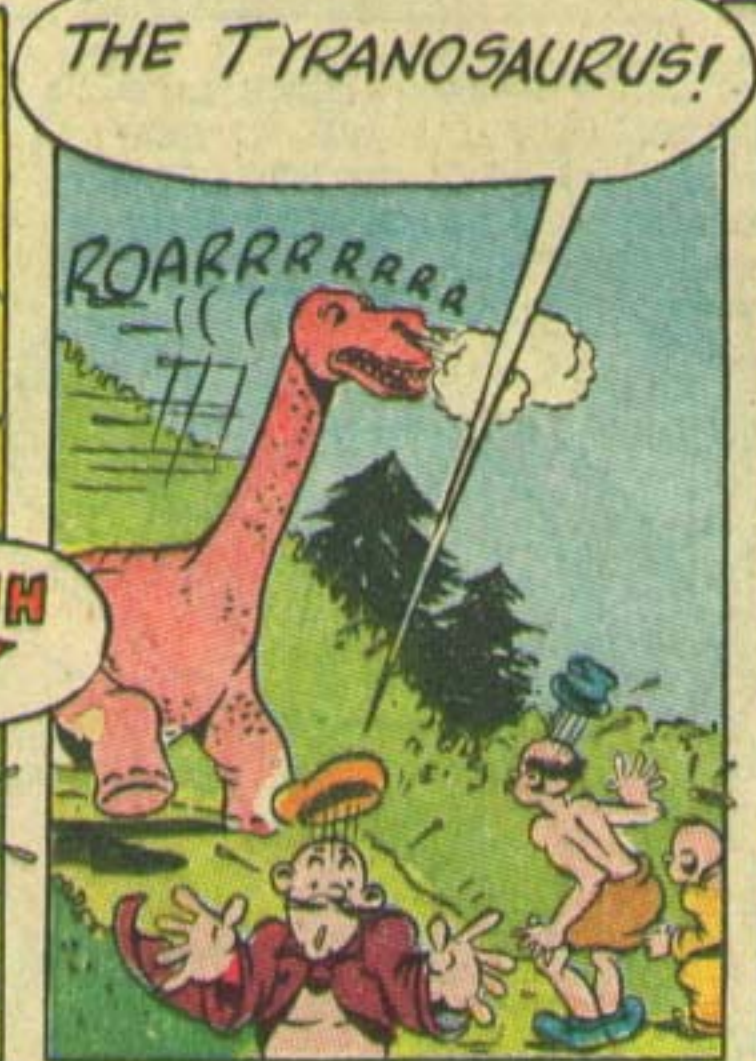
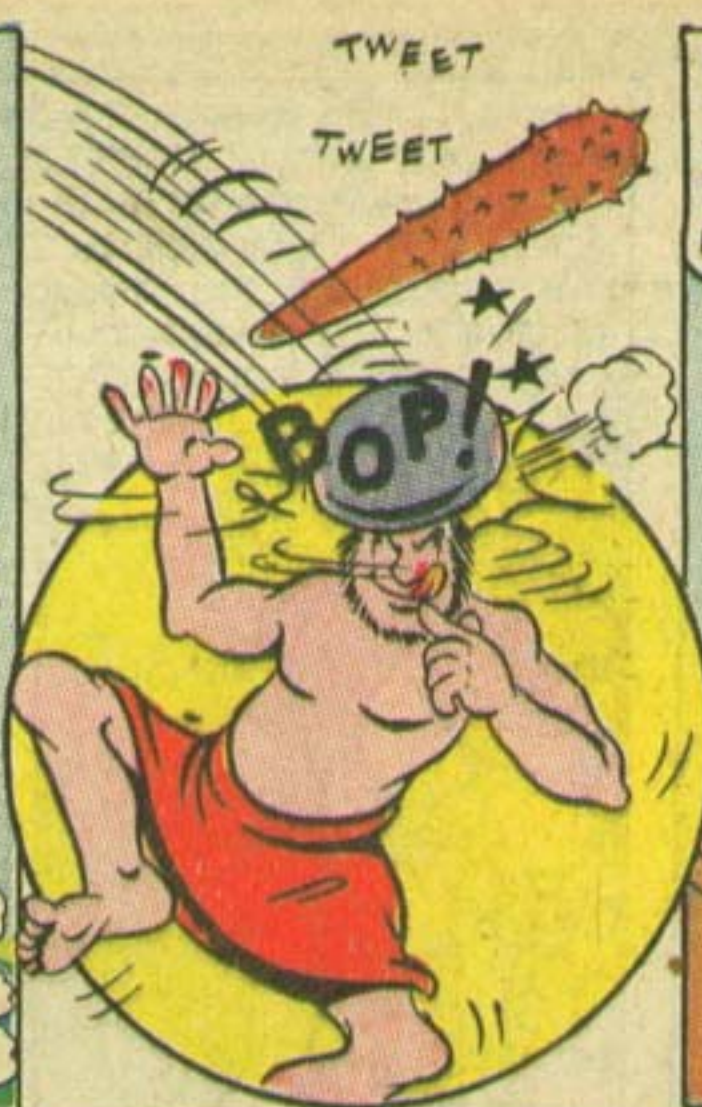
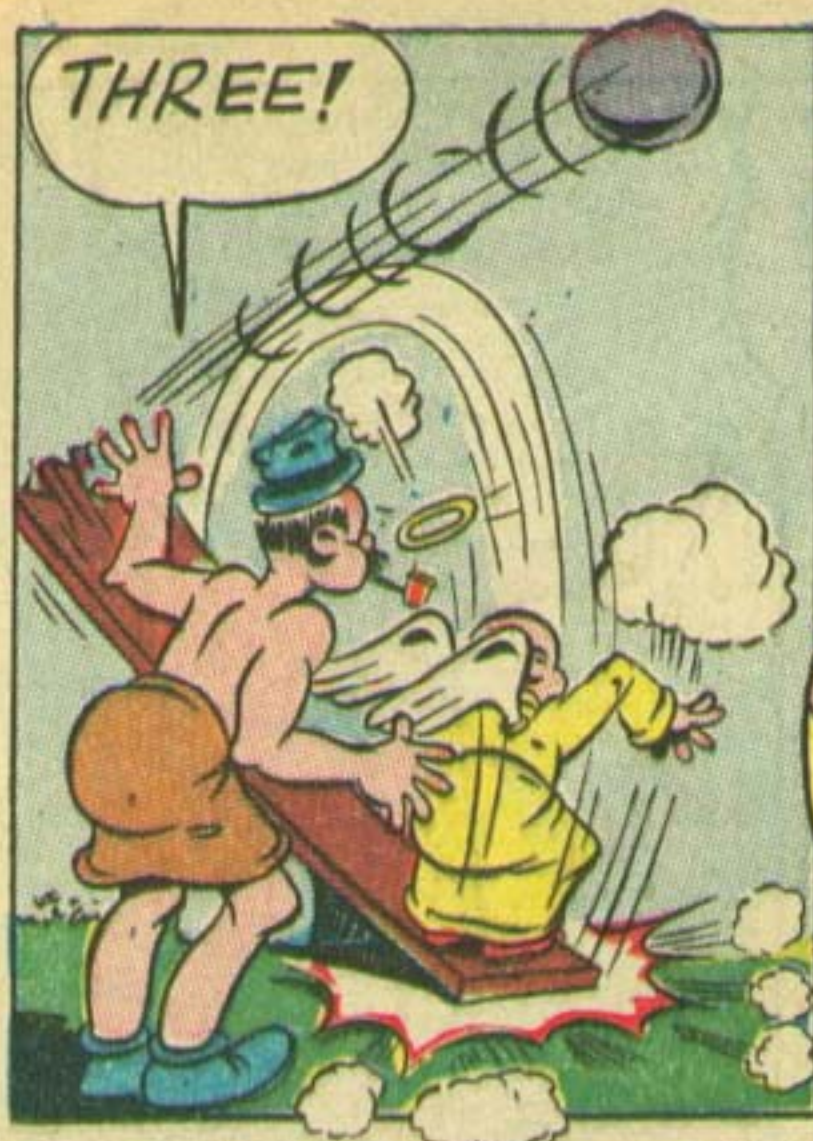
IF HE DOESN'T FIX US FIRST!

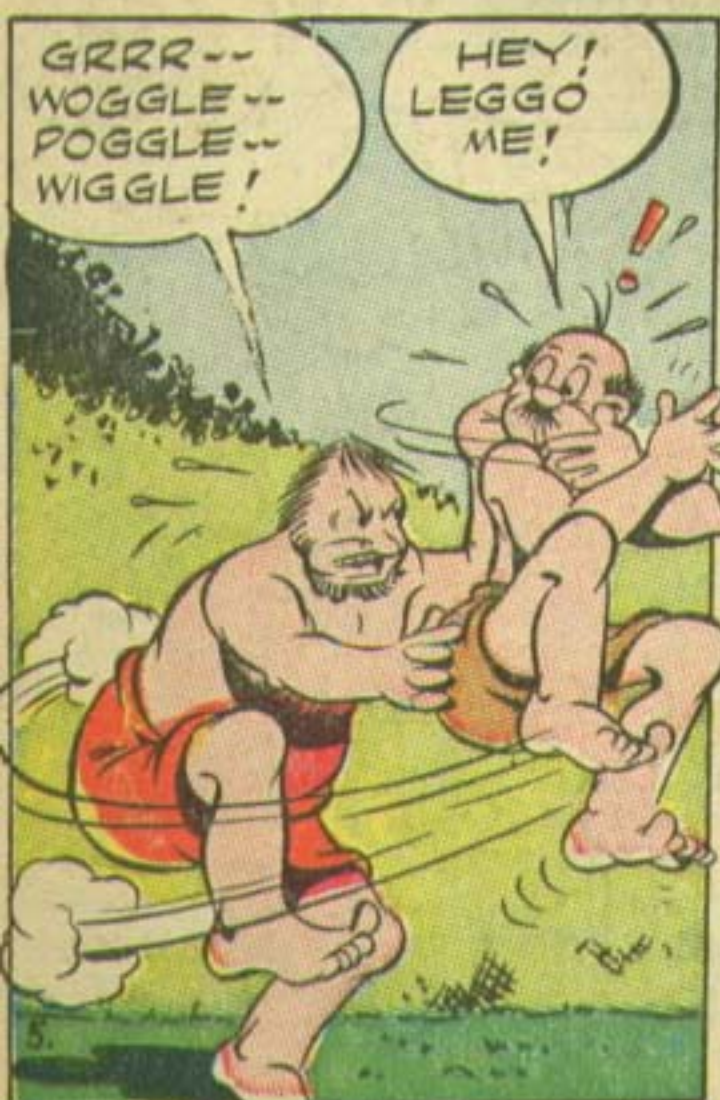
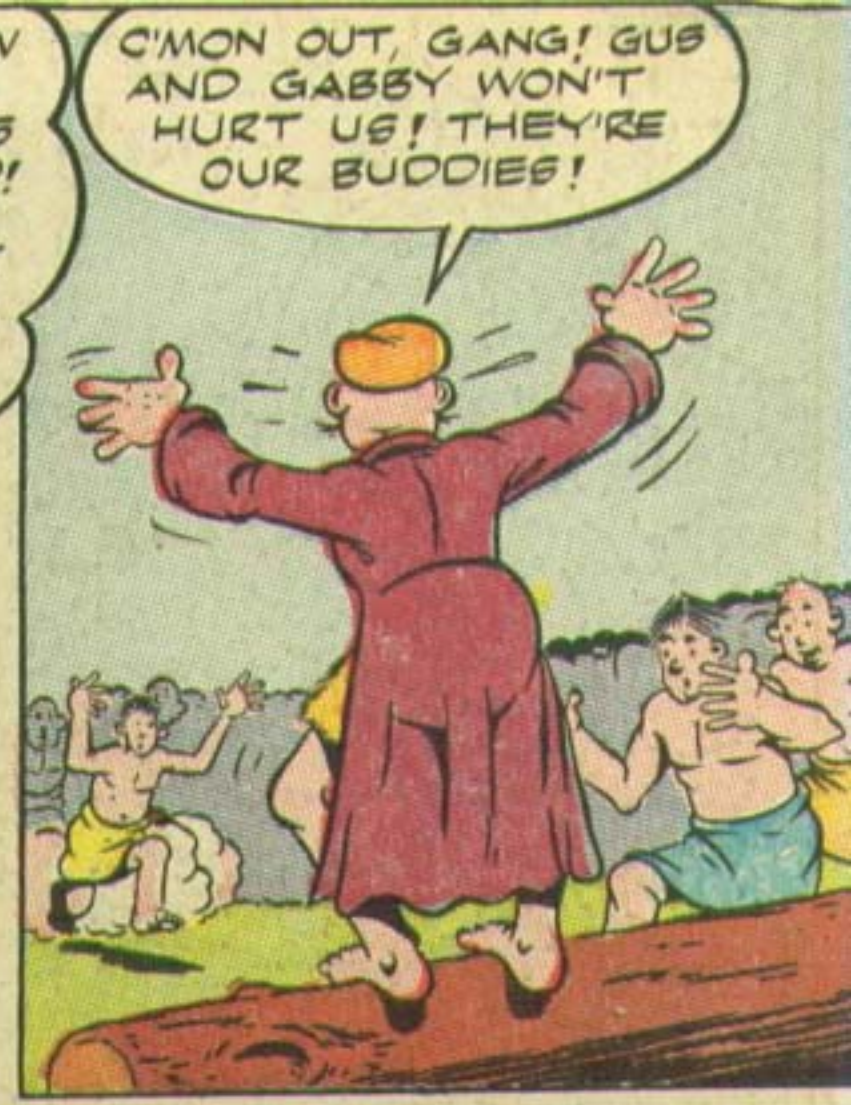


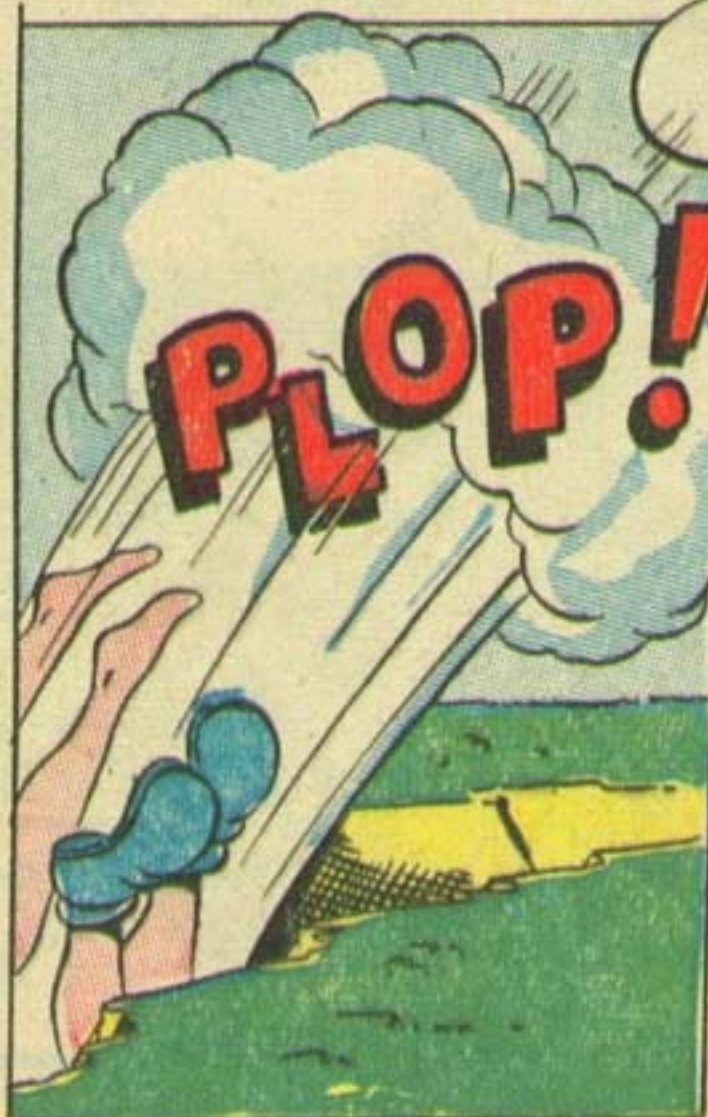
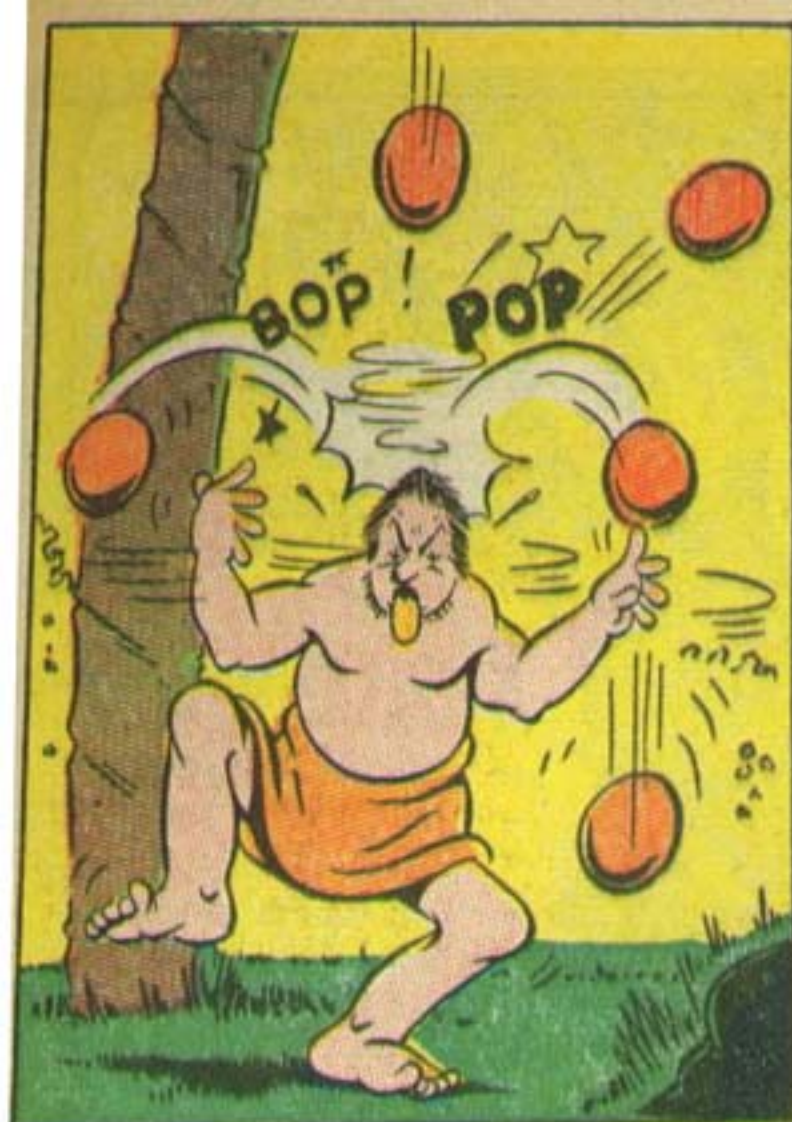
AH! HERE HE COMES--NOW GET SET, GABBY, DON'T FORGET TO JUMP ON THE COUNT OF THREE!

ONE-- TWO-- AND A--









DOTTY AND DITTO

DOTTY AND DITTO WITH THEIR INDIAN PAL, DOTTUM ARE HAPPY AS THREE BUGS IN A RUG --- WHY? BECAUSE THEY'VE JUST WON \$2000 AT A RODEO

Bill Woggon

UGH! \$2,000!
THAT HEAP LOT O'
WAMPUM, DOTTY!

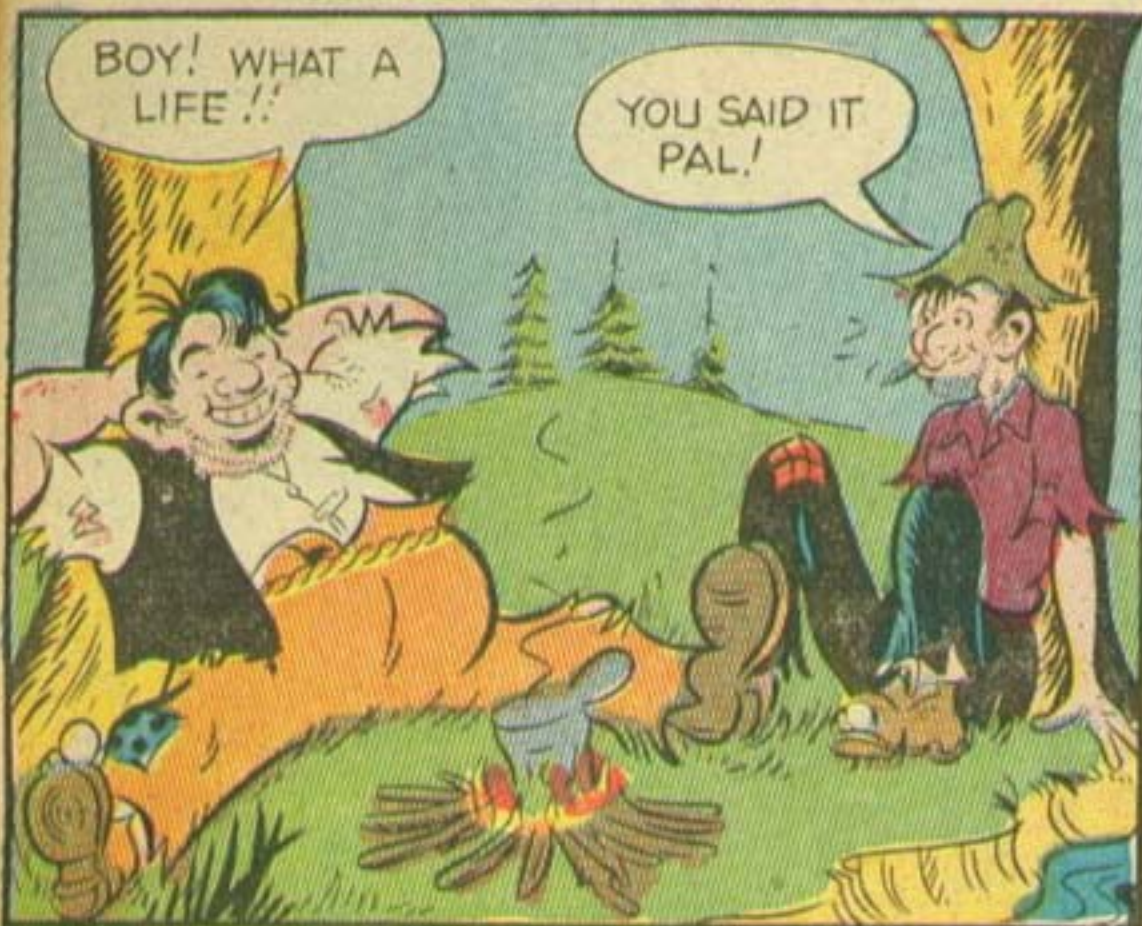
YO' BET, DOTTUM, AN'
NOW WE BETTER
HURRY BACK TO SAVE
MAH GRAN'PAPPY'S
RANCH THAT'S UP FO'
AUCTION!

DITTO,
PODNUH!

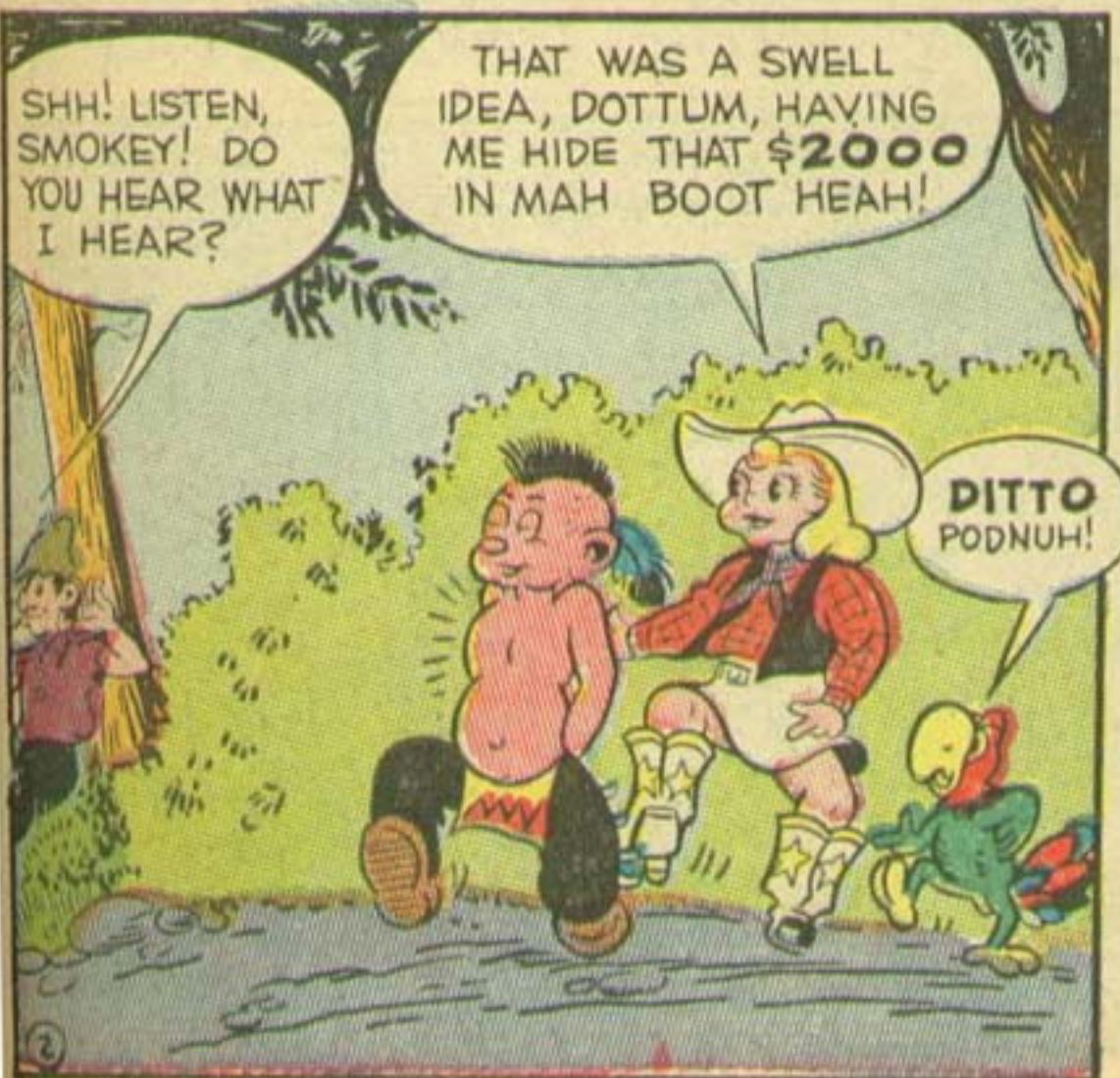
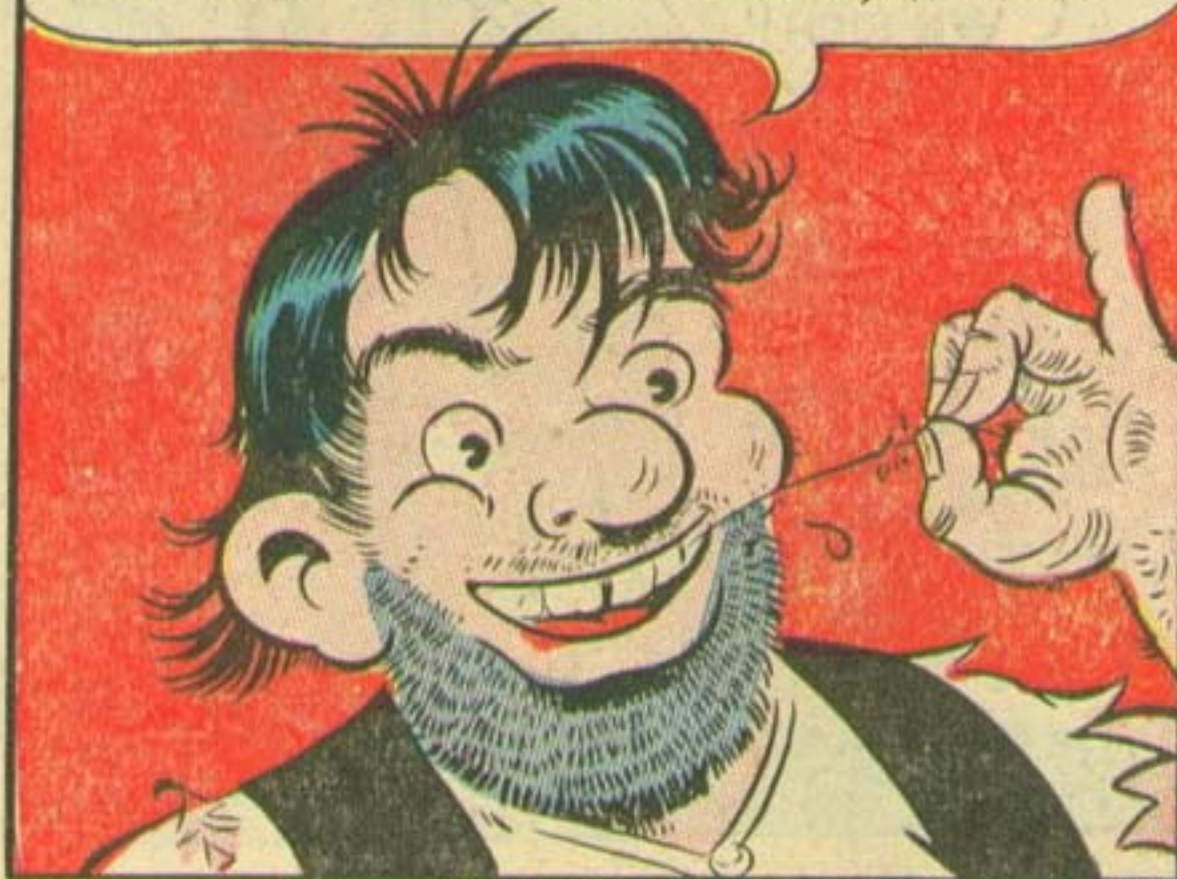
MEBBE WE BETTER
GETTUM WAMPUM OUTA
SIGHT, DOTTY,--SOMEBODY
MIGHT KNOCK US OVER,
UM HEAD AN TAKE UM!

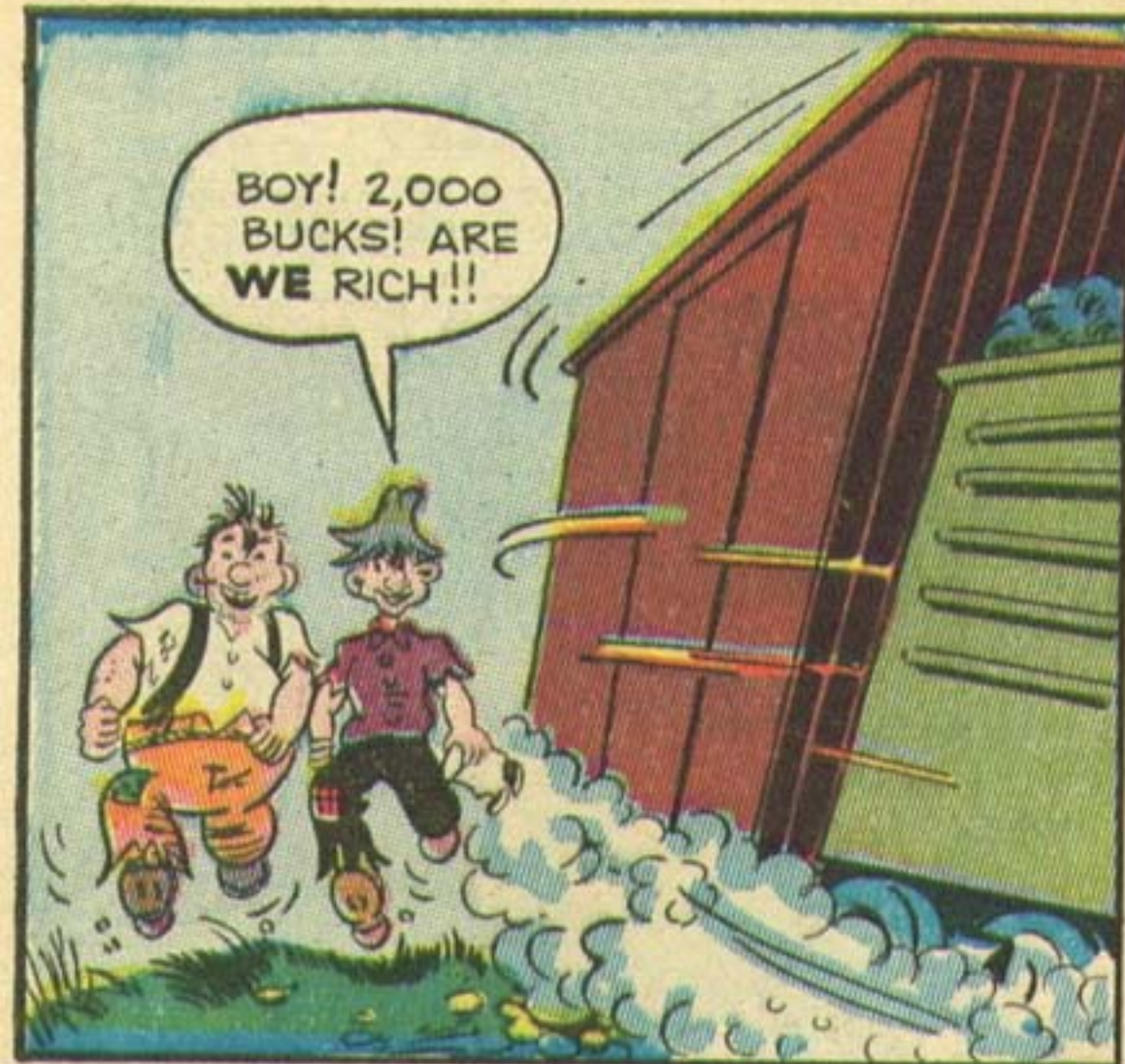
YEAH! YOU'RE RIGHT
\$2000 IS A LOT
O' MONEY--AH'LL
STUFF IT IN TH'
SOLE O' MAH
BOOT HEAH!

WHILE DOTTY HIDES HER MONEY IN HER BOOT TWO TRAMPS NOT FAR AWAY ARE ALSO DISCUSSING WEALTH!



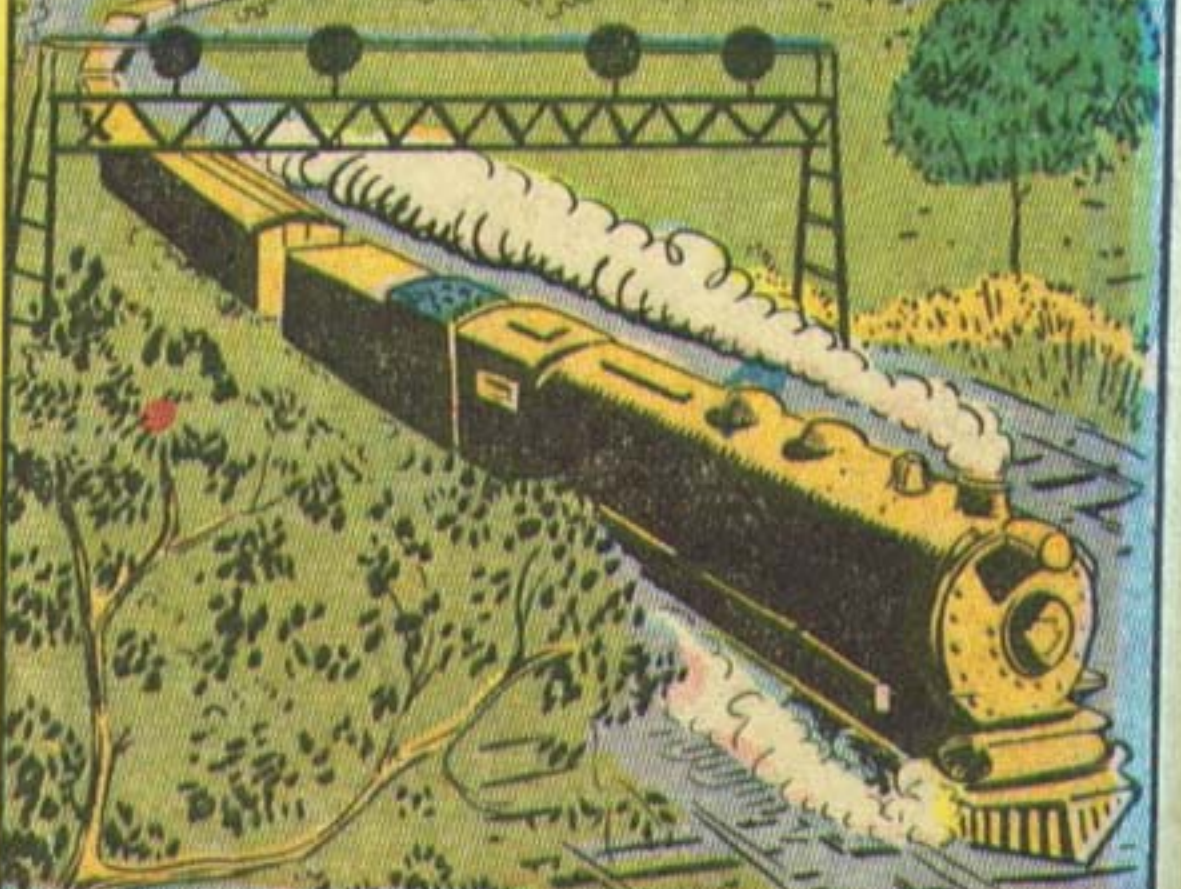
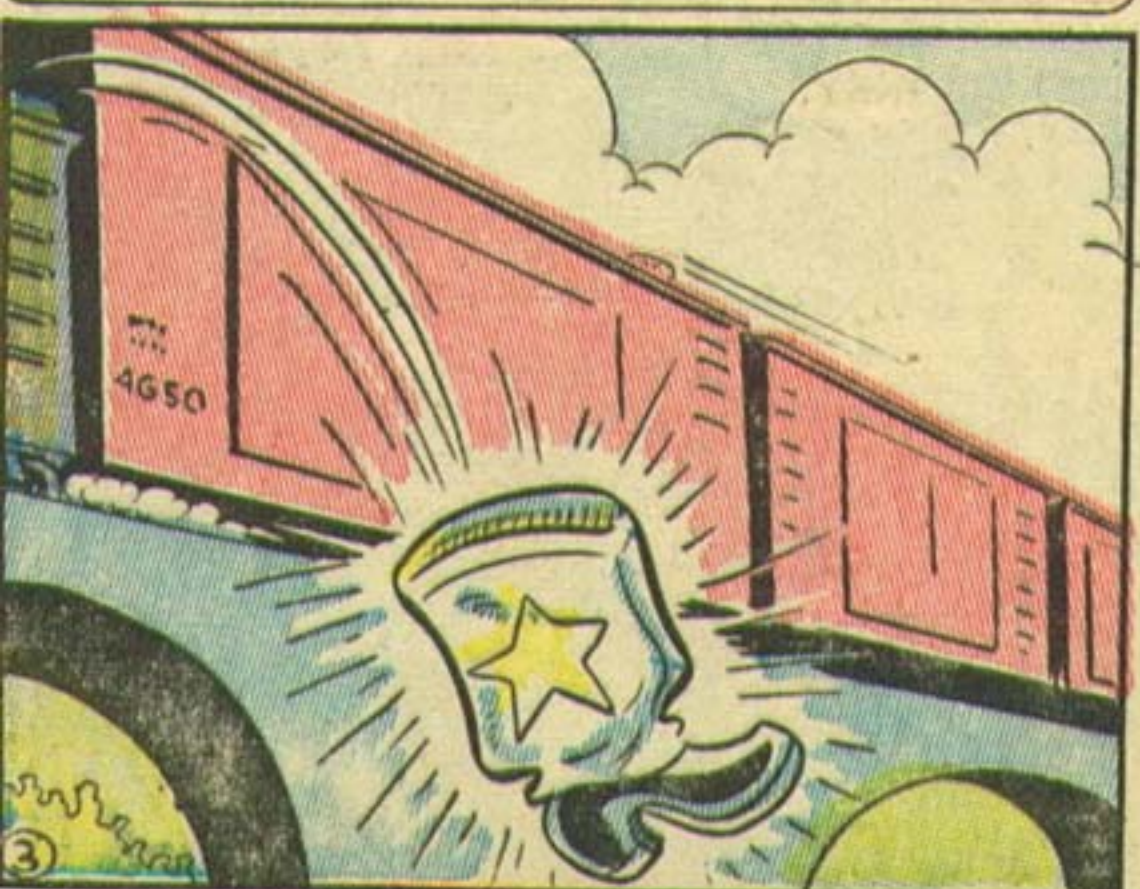
NO SHOES OR FOOD RATION TO WORRY US--NO TIRES OR GAS--NO DRAFT NUMBER! NO TAXES! I WOULDN'T CHANGE PLACES WITH THE GUY WHO OWNS A **MILLION** BUCKS, MY FRAN'!





AND AS THE TWO HOBBO CROOKS BATTLE LIKE TWO DOGS OVER A BONE -- THE \$2000 BOOT FALLS FROM THEIR HANDS

AND THE FREIGHT TRAIN RAMBLES ON---



(SNIFF!) \$2000,
GONE!-- AN' A
GOOD BOOT, TOO!

DITTO!
(SNIFF!)

UGH! AN' NOW YOU HAVE
TO USE UM HALF RATION
STAMP TO GET
'NOTHER BOOT,
TOO, UGH!

YEAH! AN' WHAT'LL GRAN'PAPPY DO?--
HE'LL LOSE HIS RANCH AN' WE WON'T HAVE
A PLACE TO **EAT** AN' **SLEEP**! (SOB)

UGH! YOU MAKE DOTTUM
HEAP HUNGRY WHEN YOU
SAY **EAT**!

DITTO!

AH'M KINDA
HUNGRY MAHSELF
AN' NOT A CENT
IN OUR POCKETS
--(GULP)--NOW!

WAIT! MEBBE WE
BROKE-- BUT WE
GONNA EAT--
HEAP QUICK!

BUT HOW?

DITTO,
HOW?

DOTTUM JUS' TAKE UM TREE
BRANCH LIKE THIS--AN' PIECE
O' WIRE FOR HOOK AN' WE ALL
SET TO HAVE FISH FOR SUPPER!

DITTO!

HO! HO! HEY, GANG,
LOOK AT THE GET-UP
TH' KID'S GOT!

YEAH!
THEY'LL NEVER
CATCH A
THING WITH
THAT!

HEY! YOU'RE IN THE WRONG
SPOT, BUD, THE FISHING'S SO
GOOD OUT HERE WE GOTTA
HIDE DOWN IN THE BOAT
TO BAIT OUR HOOKS!

YEAH! IT'S SO GOOD WE
EVEN PUT AN X ON THE
SIDE OF OUR BOAT, TO
MARK THE SPOT!

UGH! WHAT IF
YOU GETTUM
'NOTHER BOAT?

ERNIE MORNINGSTAR

LOON

LAKE

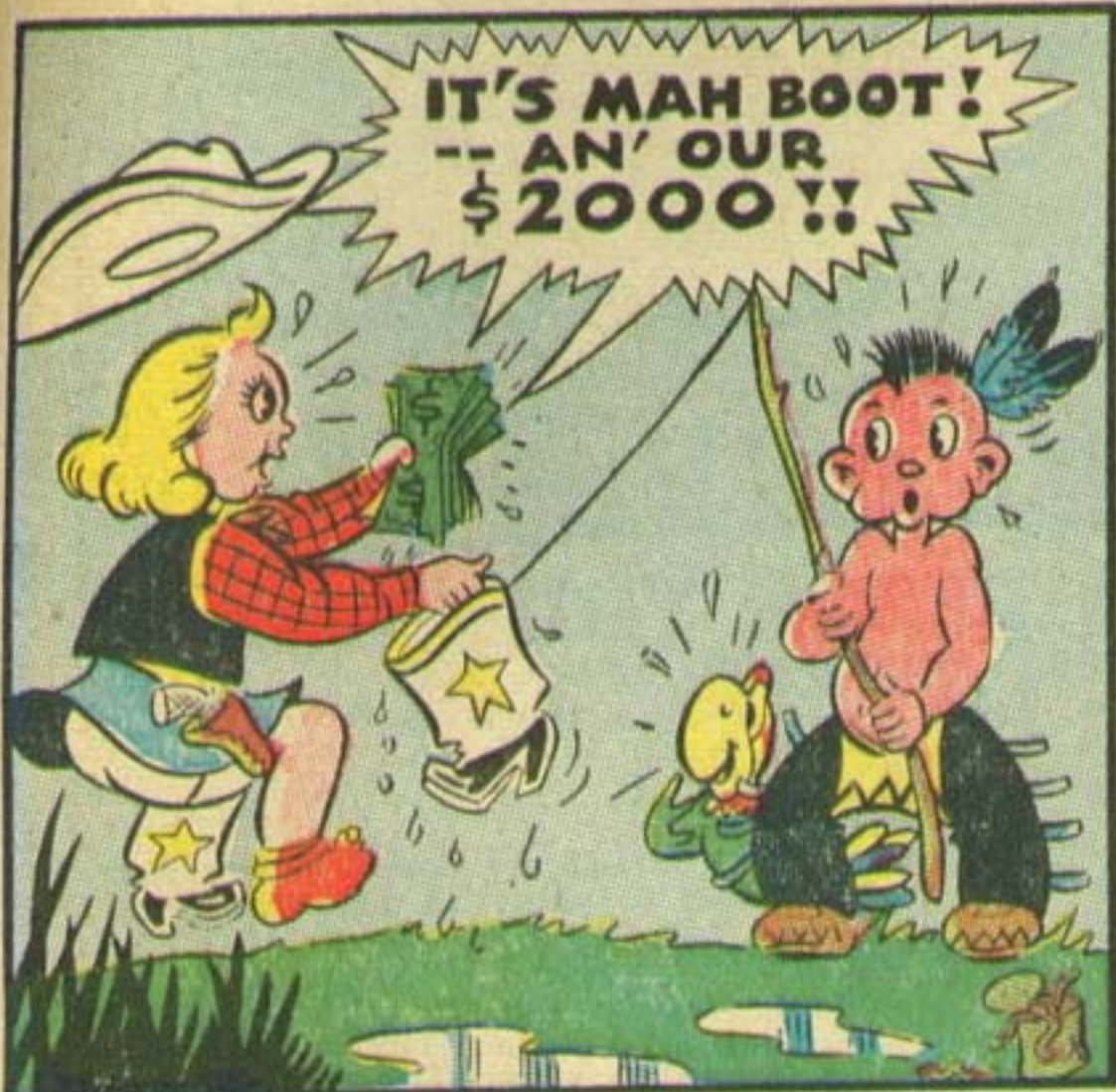
JULIUS BAHR'S
BOAT

DON'T PAY NO 'TENTION TO
THEM, DOTTUM, THEY GOT
FISHIN' TACKLE SO
MUCH IN THEIR HEAD
THEIR BRAIN IS
REELING!

UGH!
ME GOTTUM
BITE!!

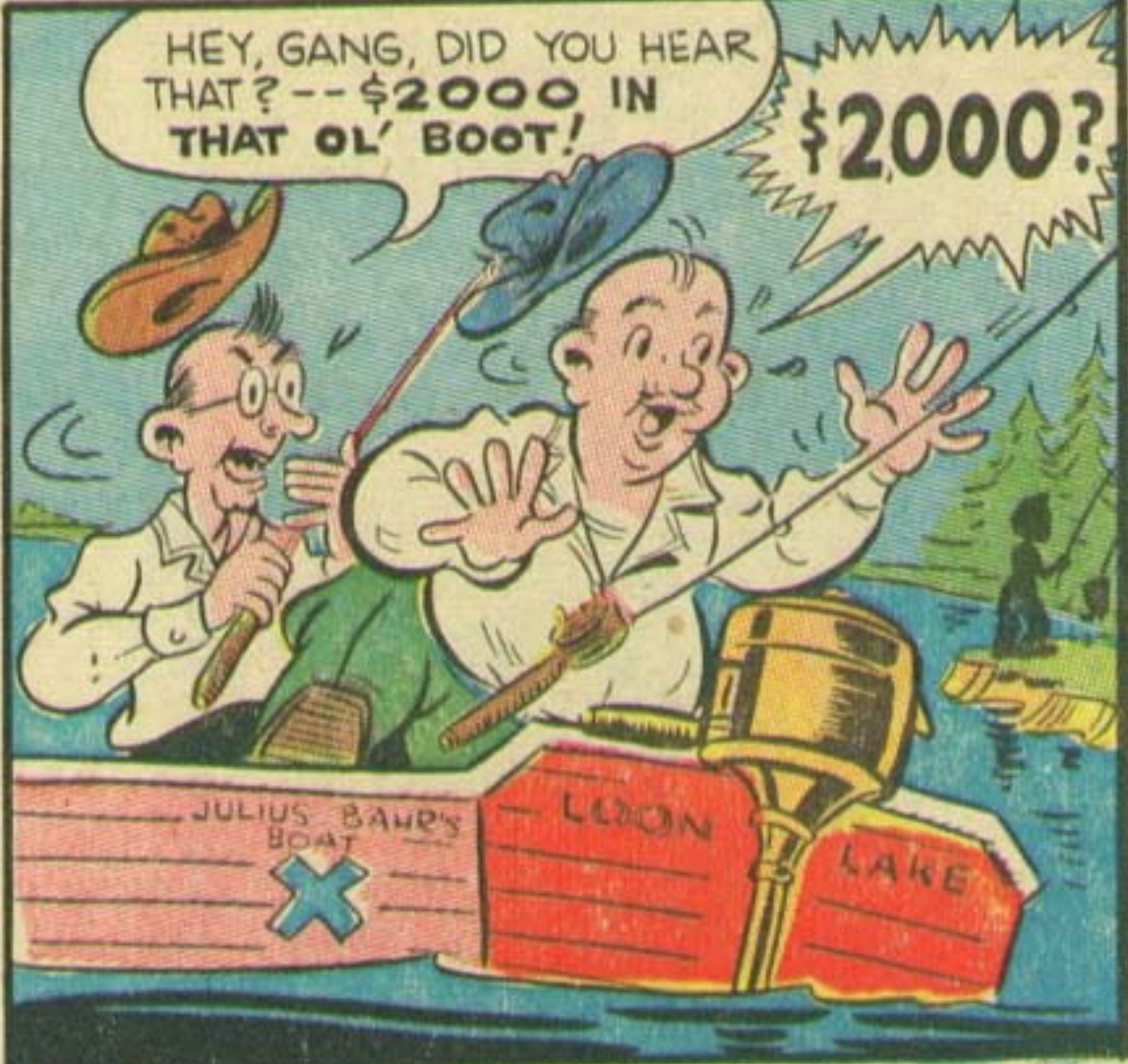
HO! HO! LOOK! THE
KID'S CAUGHT AN'
OLD **BOOT!**
HO! HO! HO!

IT'S MAH BOOT!
-- AN' OUR
\$2000!!



HEY, GANG, DID YOU HEAR
THAT? -- \$2000 IN
THAT OL' BOOT!

\$2000?

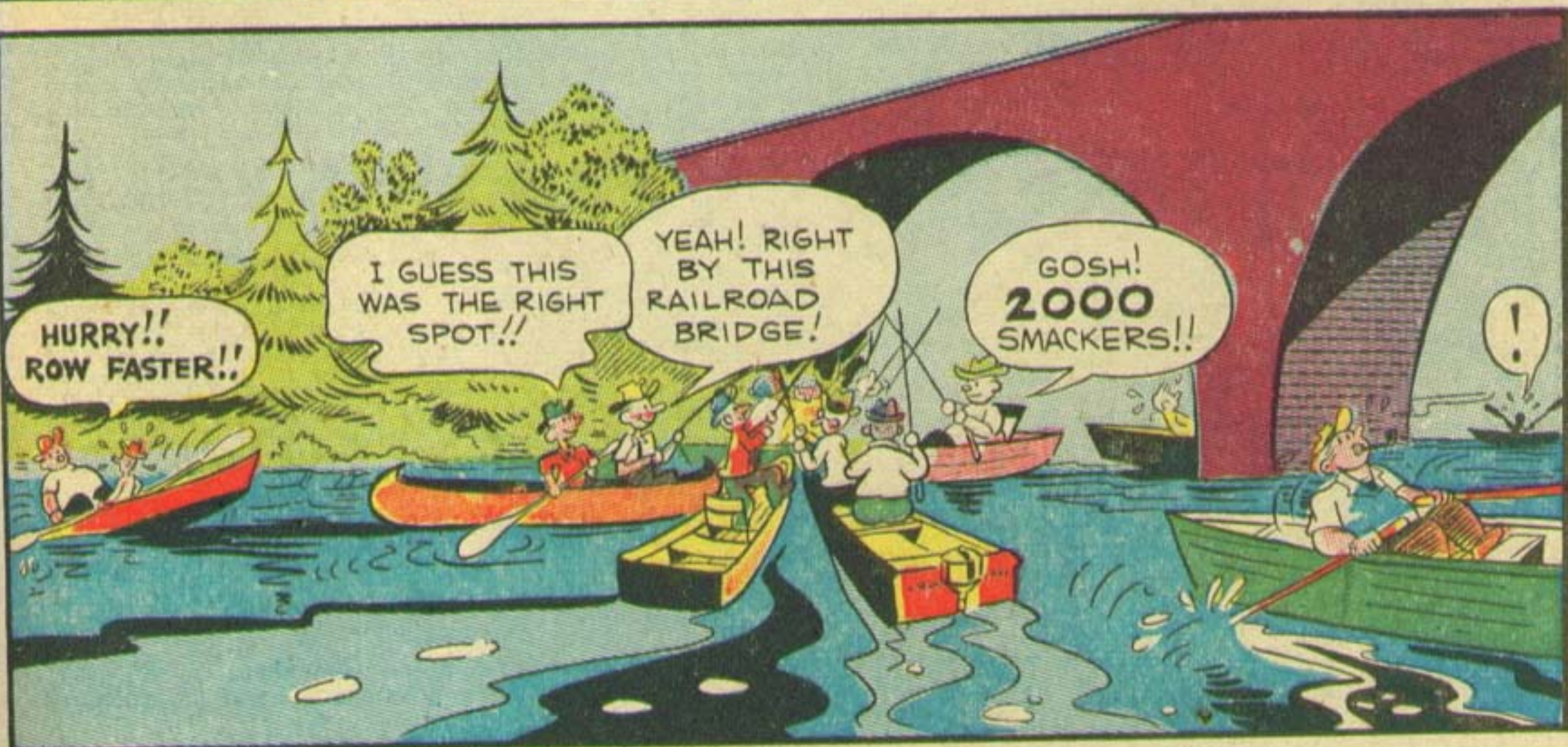


I GUESS THIS
WAS THE RIGHT
SPOT!!

YEAH! RIGHT
BY THIS
RAILROAD
BRIDGE!

GOSH!
2000
SMACKERS!!

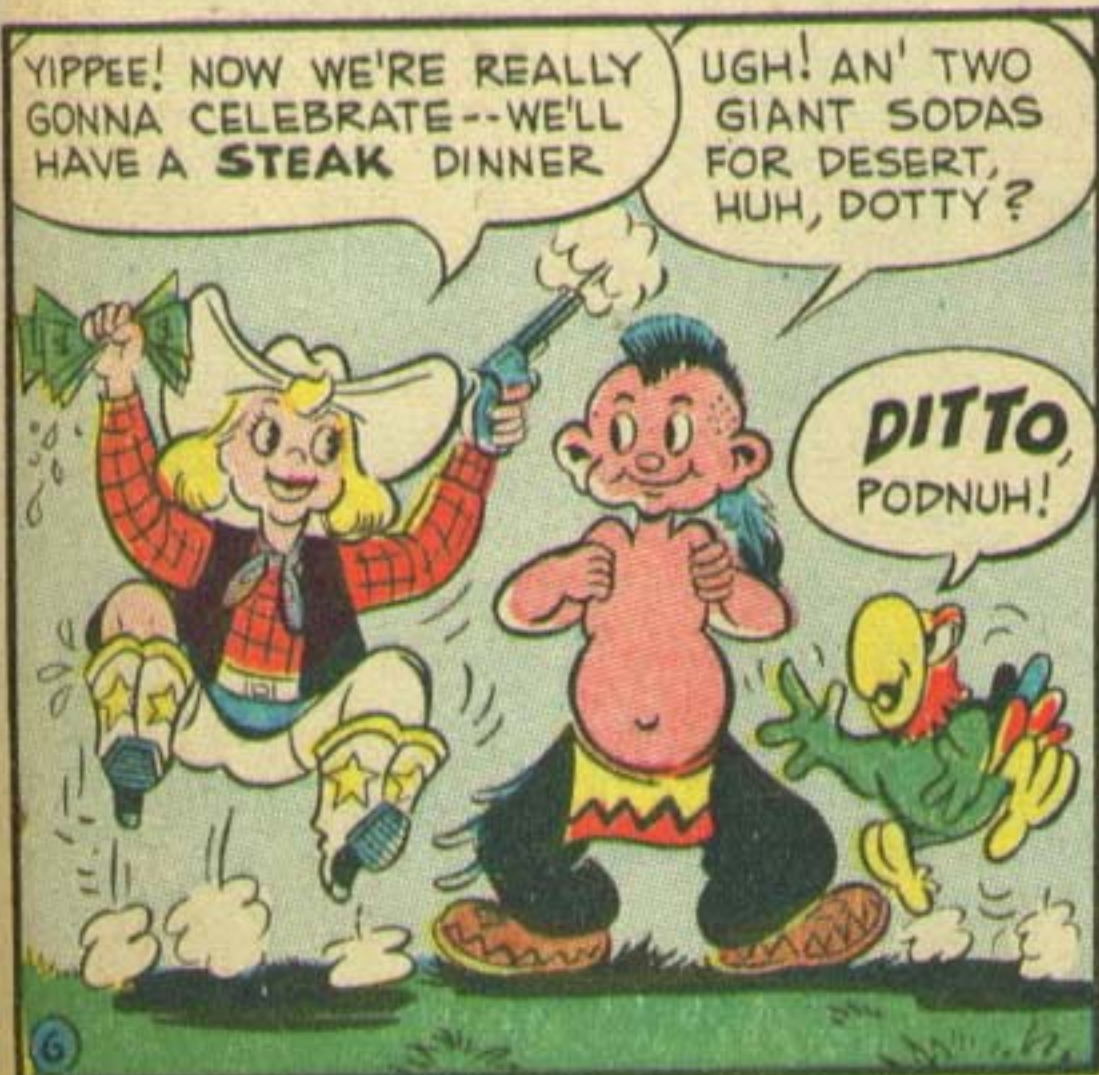
HURRY!!
ROW FASTER!!



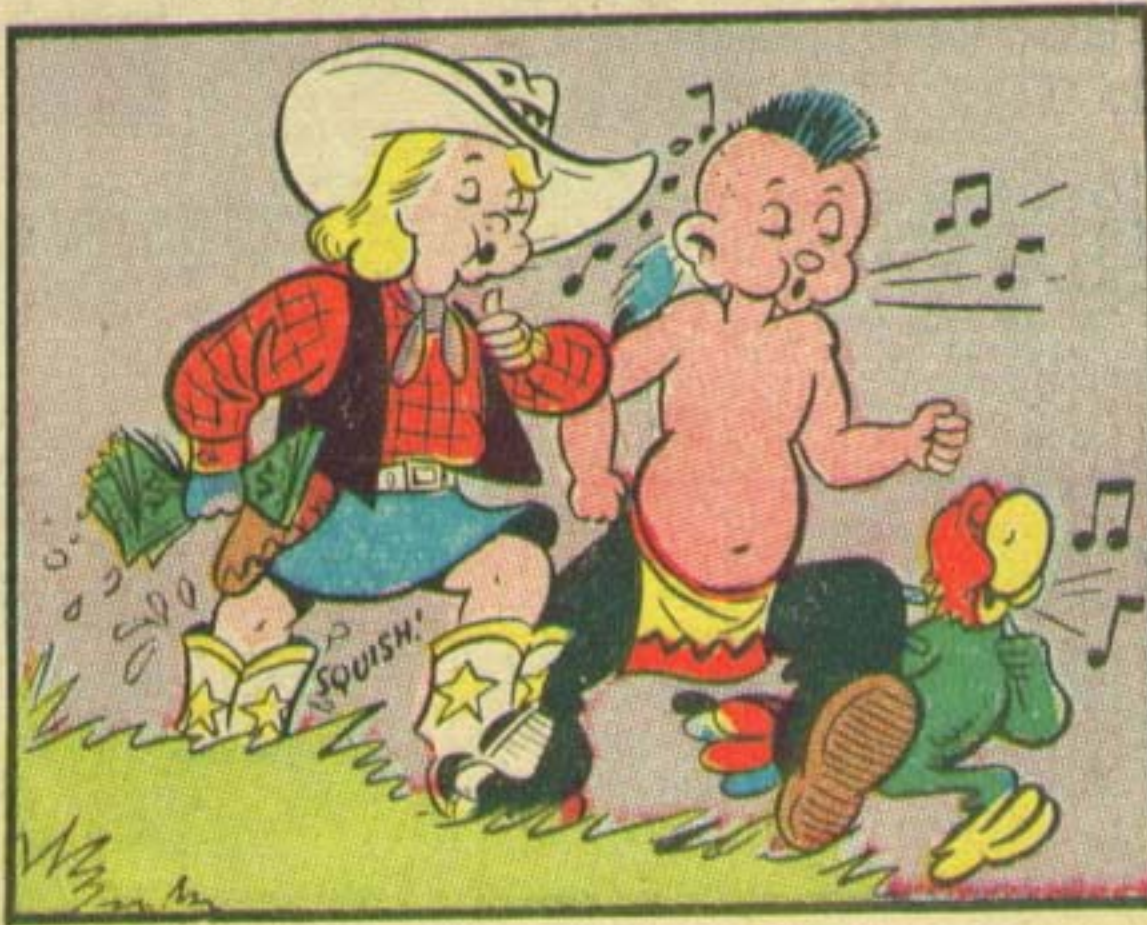
YIPPEE! NOW WE'RE REALLY
GONNA CELEBRATE--WE'LL
HAVE A **STEAK** DINNER

UGH! AN' TWO
GIANT SODAS
FOR DESERT,
HUH, DOTTY?

DITTO
PODNUH!



AND DOTTY, DITTO AND DOTTUM GO MERRILY
WHISTLING AWAY-- BUT THEY WON'T BE GAY
FOR LONG! -- SEE NEXT ISSUE!



Get **SUPER STRENGTH** through these **4 EASY STEPS**



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